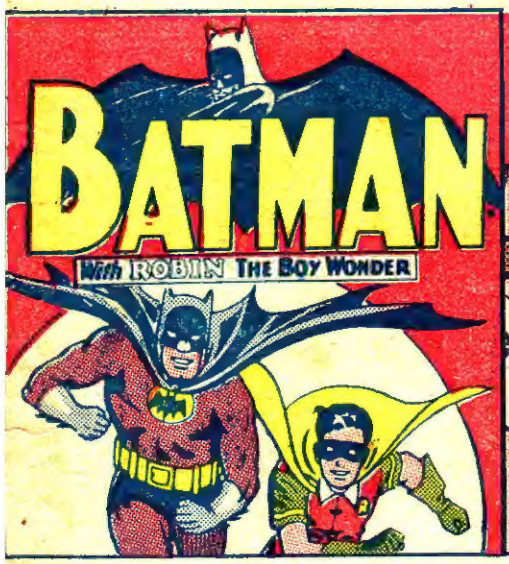
A POWER COMIC

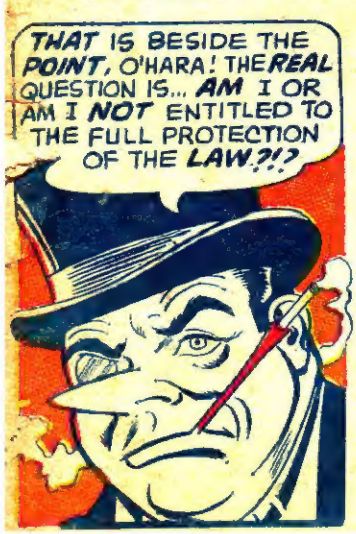
ANOTHER CHANCE TO GET A HULK T-SHIRT

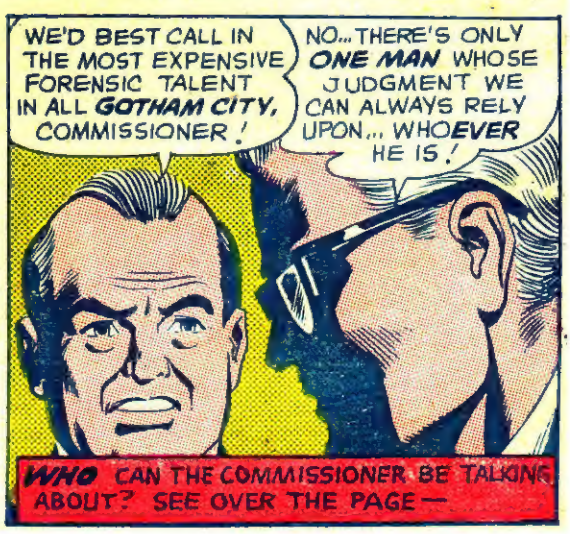
SMASH!

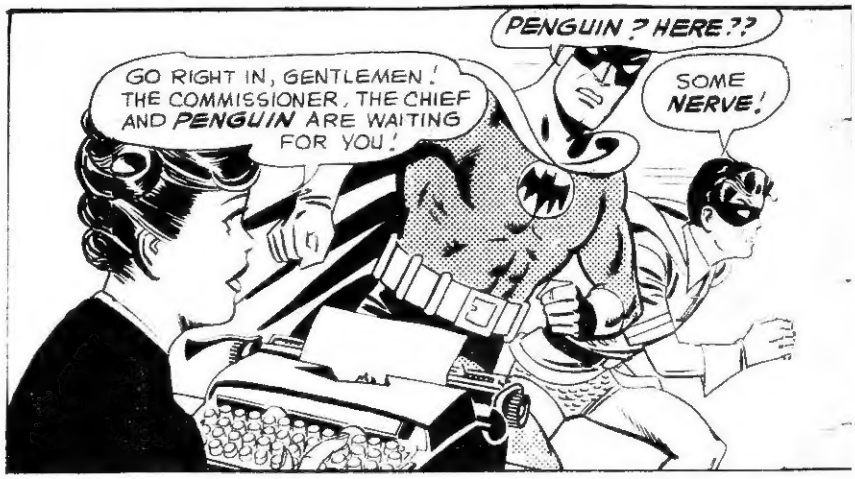
No. 63
15th APR. 1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d

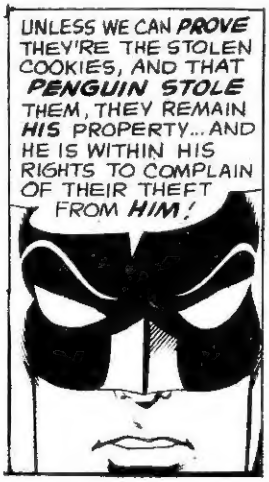


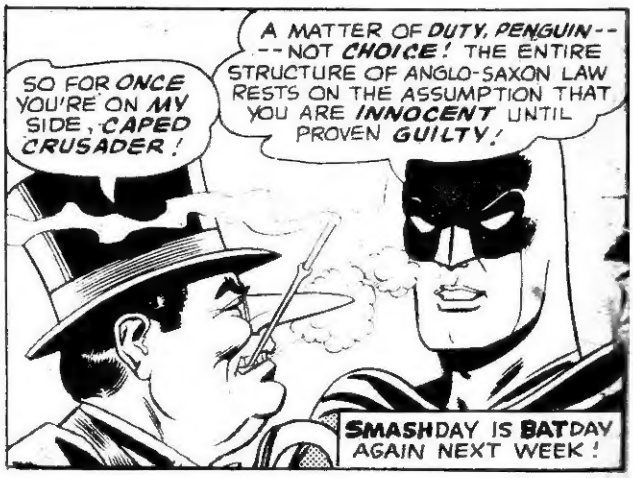
Distributed by The Ledger Syndicate, Inc.
© National Periodical Publications, Inc. 1966







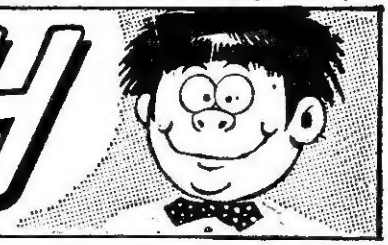


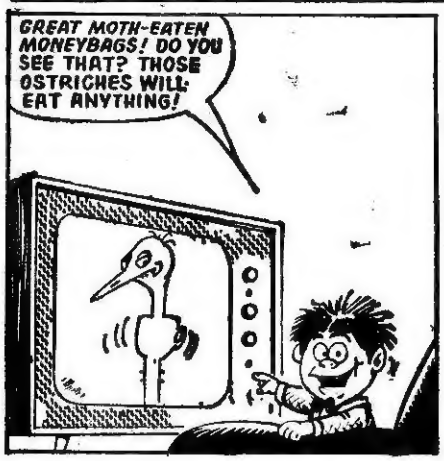


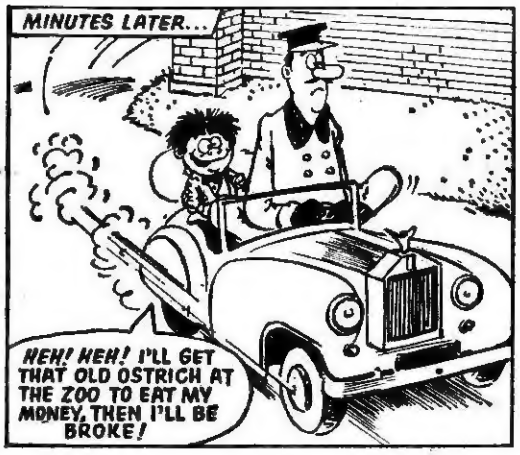
SMASH! printed in Great Britain by St. Clements Press Ltd., 112 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4, and published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (A'sia) Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Subscription Rates: Inland 12 months 43/4; abroad (including Canada), 12 months 39/-. Dollar Rate for U.S.A. 86; Canada $6.50. Please send your order to Subscription Dept., 8-9 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 7d., and that it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

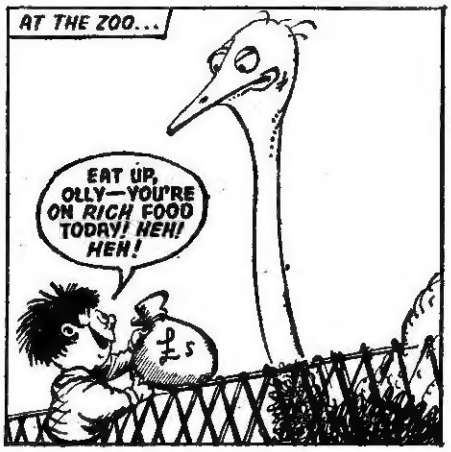
HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

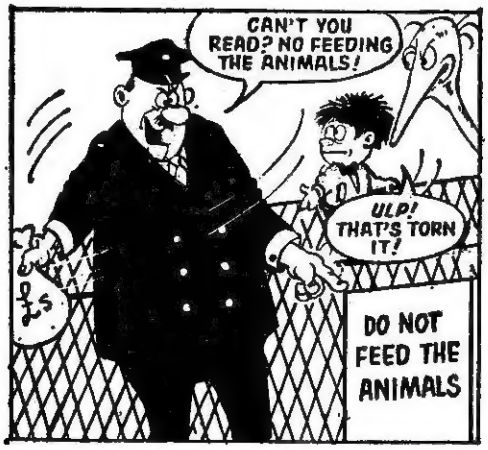
RONNIE RICH

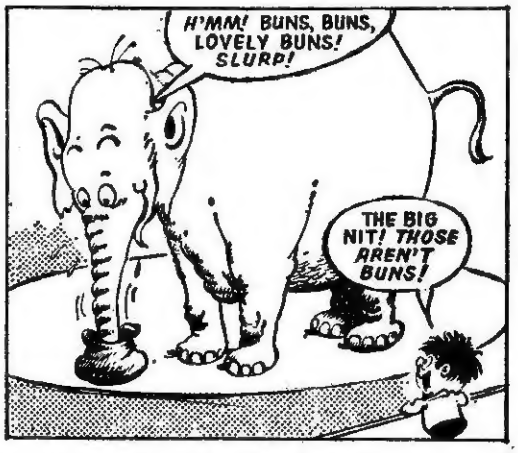


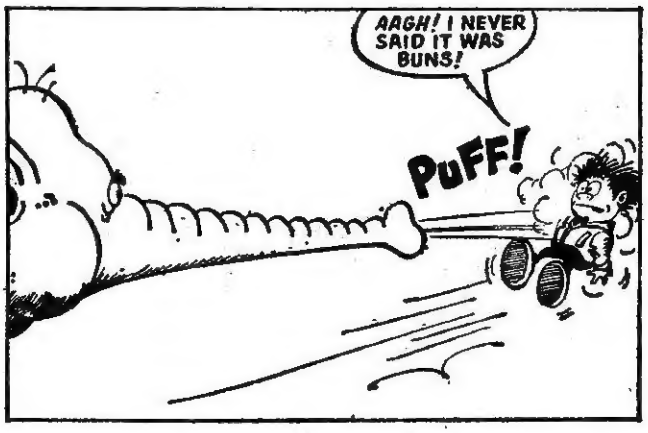










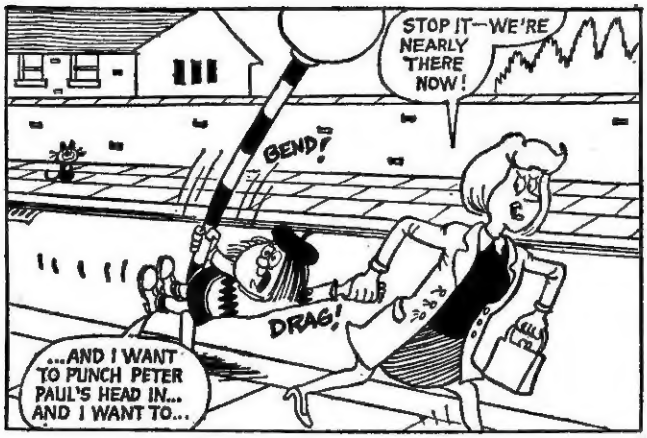


BAD PENNY

AMMO.

ONE PENNY
1967

...AND I SAY WE'RE GOING SHOPPING, SO THERE!
BUT, MUM, I DON'T WANT TO GO SHOPPING! I WANT TO STAY AT HOME AND CLOBBER BULLY BLOGGS!


STOP IT—WE'RE NEARLY THERE NOW!
GEND!
DRAG!
...AND I WANT TO PUNCH PETER PAUL'S HEAD IN... AND I WANT TO...

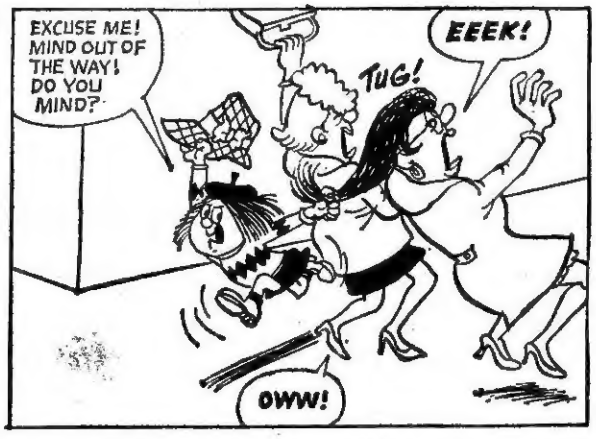
STORE
SMASHING SALE
A SALE! YIPPEE! LEMME AT IT!
THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU!

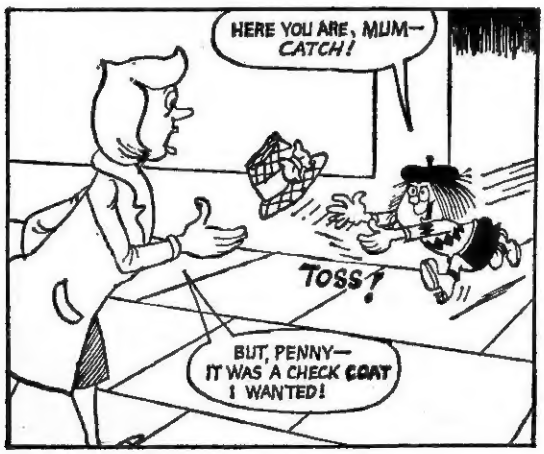
SALE
BASH!
WALLOP!
HERE! OUT OF MY WAY!
ZOOM!
LET ME THROUGH!
HELP!
SCRATCH!
STOP PUSHING!
OH, BOY! I LOVE SALES!

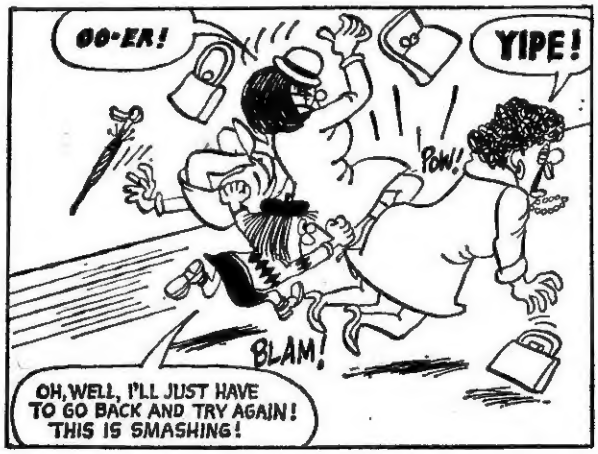
SMASHIN'! THIS IS BETTER THAN BASHING BULLY BLOGGS ANY DAY! GREAT!
BOP!
YIPE!
PUNCH!
OUCH!
OOER!

I'VE MADE IT! THAT'S ME IN! NOW WHAT WAS MUM WANTING IN HERE? NEVER MIND, I'LL GET HER SOMETHING!
SALE
YES, THIS HAT'S FOR ME!

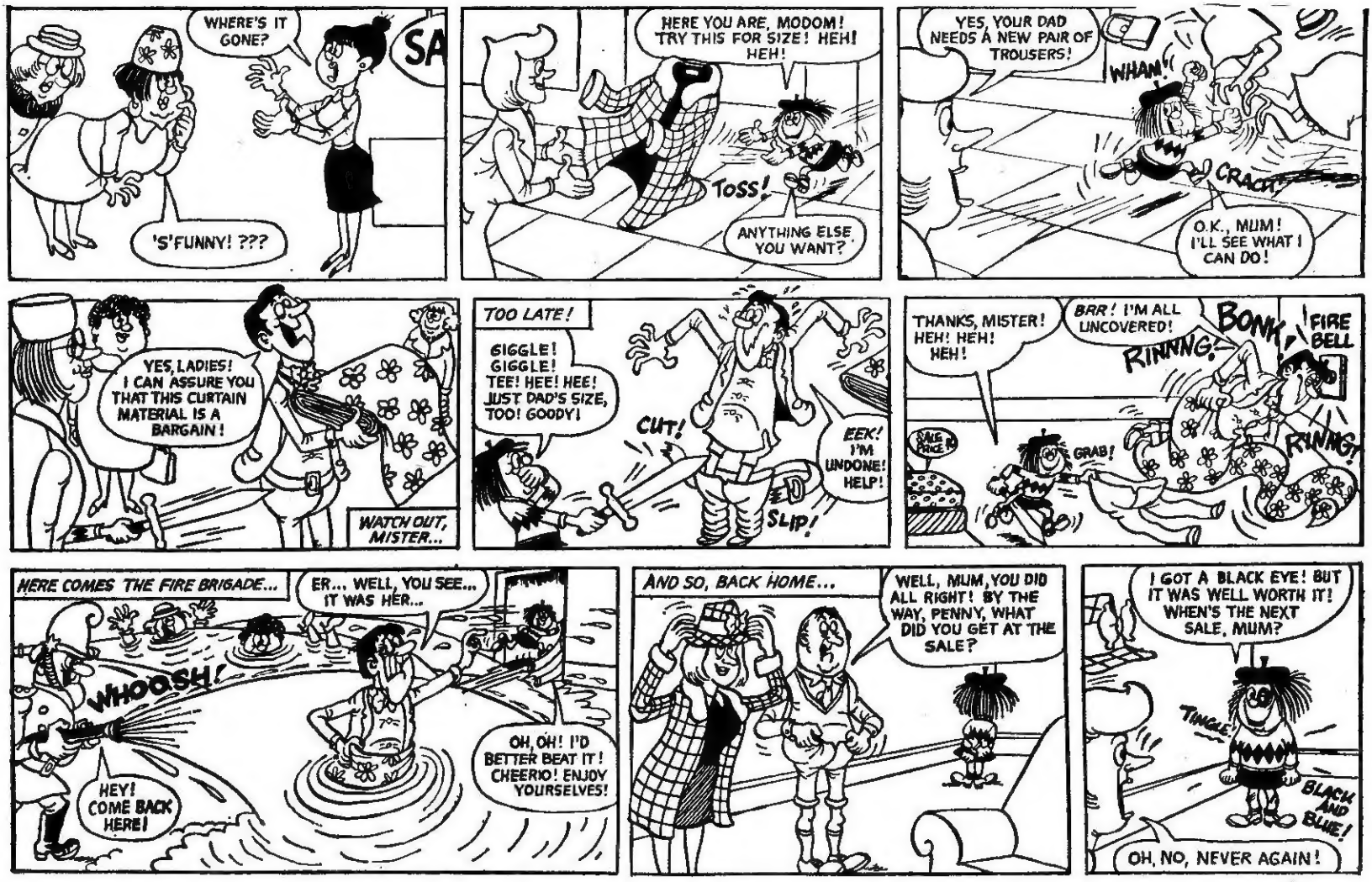
THIS IS MORE MUM'S STYLE! SHE LIKES BOWS ON 'EM!
HERE! GIVE ME BACK MY HAT—OUCH!
GRAB!
BOP!


EXCUSE ME! MIND OUT OF THE WAY! DO YOU MIND?
EEEK!
TUG!
OWW!


HERE YOU ARE, MUM—CATCH!
TOSS!
BUT, PENNY—IT WAS A CHECK COAT I WANTED!


OO-ER!
YIPE!
POW!
BLAM!
OH, WELL, I'LL JUST HAVE TO GO BACK AND TRY AGAIN! THIS IS SMASHING!

HERE YOU ARE, MADAM. TRY THIS CHECK COAT FOR SIZE.
CLUTCH CLUTCH
LOOK OUT, MISS!



Swizzels REGD LOVE HEARTS

10 WEEK COMPETITION!

FOR 10 WEEKS from March 6th to May 15th 1967

£1,000 WORTH OF PRIZES MUST BE WON!

EACH WEEK'S WINNERS MAY CHOOSE FROM
INSTAMATIC CAMERA. TELESCOPE or MICROSCOPE. ELECTRIC TRAIN SET. ROLLER SKATES. BOY'S or GIRL'S WRIST WATCH. TENNIS RACKET and BALLS. PEN and PENCIL SET. LEATHER FOOTBALL. DOLL'S HOUSE or FORT.

All you have to do is look at the picture and count the number of *complete* Love Hearts. Then make up a new saying to go on a Love Heart Sweet. Easy, isn't it? Fill in the entry form enclosing a 3d. Love Heart Wrapper and post. No limit to the number of entries you make *but* each must be accompanied by the Wrapper from a 3d. Love Heart roll.
Each Friday for 10 weeks the sayings on the correct entries will be judged and the best 30 will receive a prize.

HURRY YOU COULD WIN!

RULES

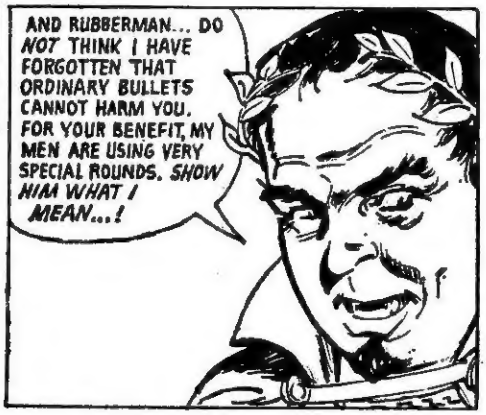
Each entry must be accompanied by a 3d. Love Heart Wrapper. Entry is open to every boy and girl up to the age of nineteen. Entries must be received by first post Thursday to be included in that week's judging. The Judges' decision is final and no correspondence can be entered into.

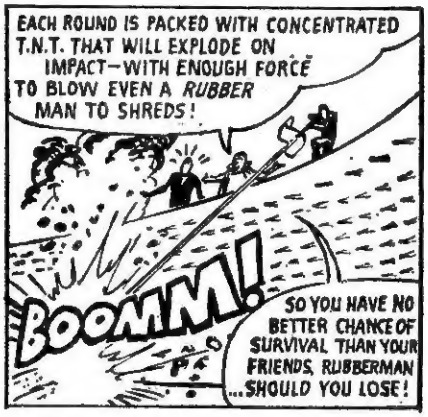
Name .....
Address .....
..... Age.....
I think there are complete Hearts.
My idea for a new Love Heart saying is.....
.....
The prize I would like is..... 9

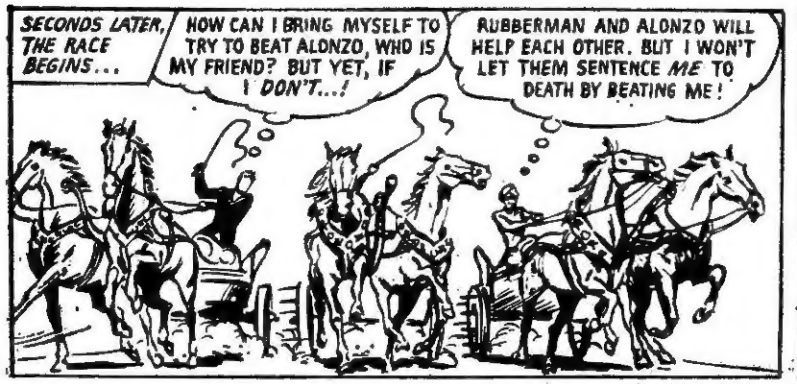
SWIZZELS LIMITED • P.O. BOX Nº 8 • NEW MILLS • Nr STOCKPORT

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

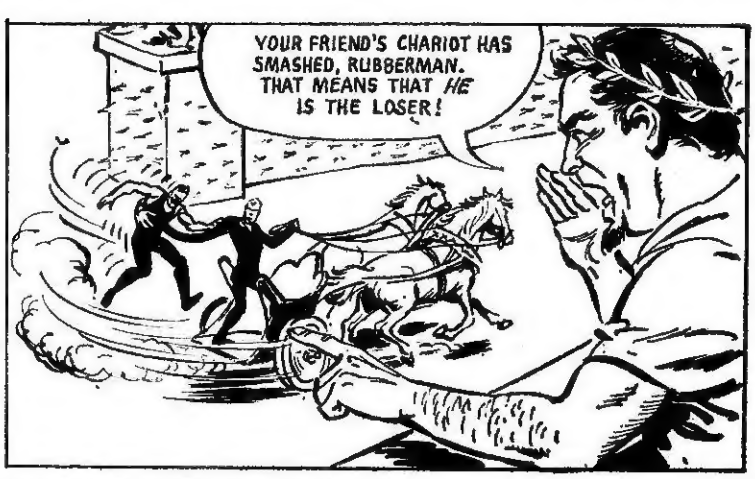
RUBBERMAN, HIS TRAPEZE STAR FRIEND, ALONZO, AND THE INDIAN FAKIR ARE RECAPTURED BY THE EVIL COUNT AND TAKEN TO A VAST SUBTERRANEAN ARENA, WHERE THE COUNT HAS PLANNED A FEARFUL FATE FOR THEM...

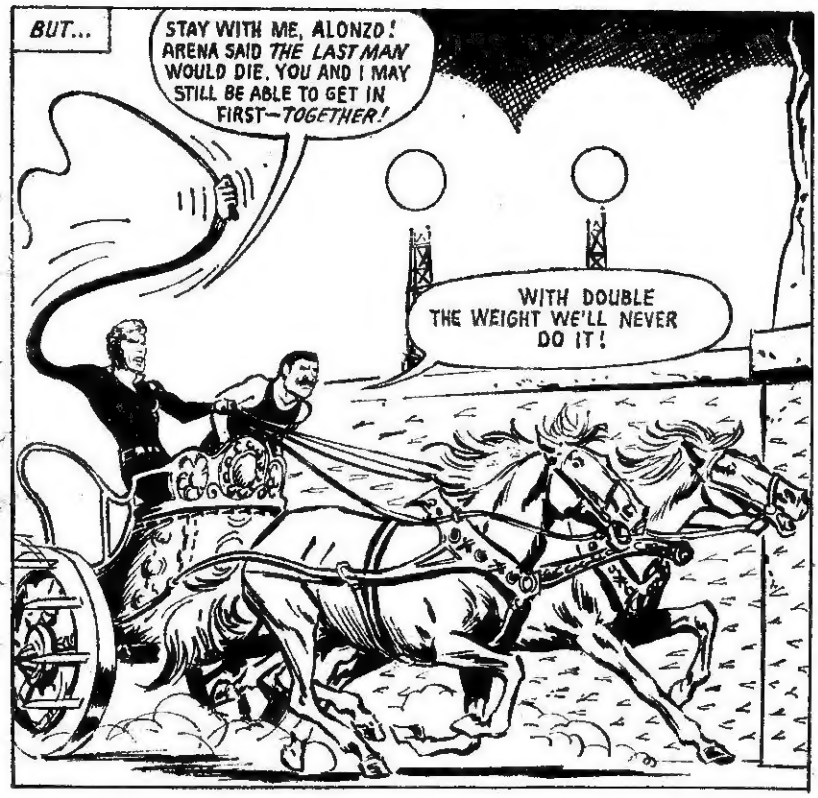


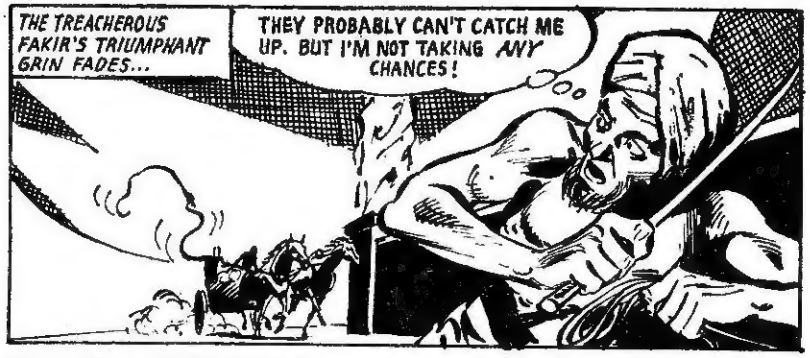




BUT RUBBERMAN STRETCHES OUT HIS ARM...
CAUGHT HIM! AND JUST IN TIME!
CRASH!


YOUR FRIEND'S CHARIOT HAS SMASHED, RUBBERMAN. THAT MEANS THAT HE IS THE LOSER!


BUT...
STAY WITH ME, ALONZO! ARENA SAID THE LAST MAN WOULD DIE. YOU AND I MAY STILL BE ABLE TO GET IN FIRST—TOGETHER!
WITH DOUBLE THE WEIGHT WE'LL NEVER DO IT!


THE TREACHEROUS FAKIR'S TRIUMPHANT GRIN FADES...
THEY PROBABLY CAN'T CATCH ME UP. BUT I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES!

AS RUBBERMAN'S CHARIOT NEARS THE SECOND STATUE...
RUBBERMAN... LOOK! HE'S GOING TO TRY AND SLAM US AGAINST THE WALL!
HE'S TIMED IT JUST RIGHT. THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO TO AVOID HIM!

A MOMENT LATER...
HANG ON TO ME, ALONZO! WE'RE BAILING OUT!

I'VE WON! YOU GAVE YOUR WORD! IT IS THEY WHO MUST DIE!
AND SO THEY SHALL!... NOW!
RUBBERMAN HAS ONLY SECONDS LEFT TO SAVE HIMSELF AND ALONZO — BUT YOU'VE ALL WEEK TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T MISS THE NEXT INSTALMENT!

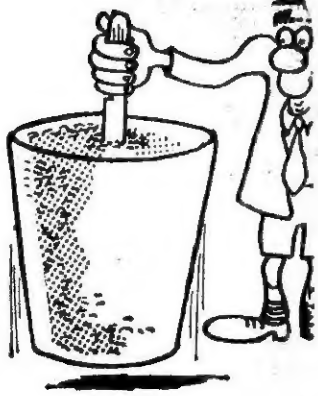
MEET... Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a lead of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

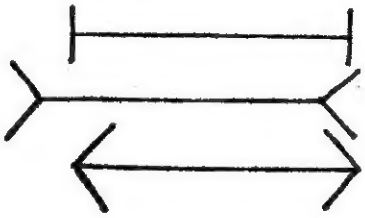
Fill a jar or tumbler with uncooked rice and challenge anyone to lift it up with just the blade of a table-knife. Oh, and they must not touch the jar itself with either their hands or the knife.

Sounds impossible, doesn't it? . . . but *YOU* can do it easily. And here's how.

Thump the rice in the jar with the handle of the knife hard a dozen or so times. Now push the knife blade down into the rice. Lift the knife—and it brings the jar of rice up with it!



Here are three lines. Which do you think is the longest? Don't cheat by using a ruler before you've made your guess.



CARTOON FROM: M. JAMES, CATFORD, LONDON.

PROBLEM PENNY

If Chris gave Mike a penny he would have only half as much as Mike. But if Mike gave Chris a penny they would both have an equal amount.

How much would each boy have to begin with?

Thanks to Knowall Stuart Brown of Acton for this mind-staggering problem. The answer is below—just in case you need it.

Chris had fivepence. Mike had sevenpence.

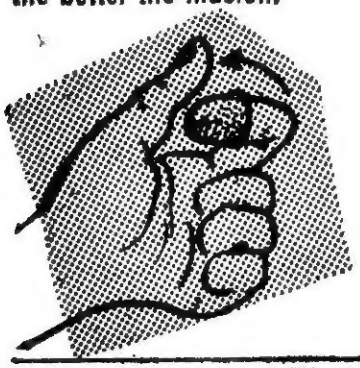
VANISHING THIMBLE

Can you borrow a thimble from Mum? Good!

Put it on your forefinger and I'll tell you how to make it vanish in a flash!

Practise it first using a mirror as your audience. Now, keeping the back of your hand towards the mirror, stretch your forefinger out, then flick it backwards, saying: "Watch the thimble vanish!"

It does—for as you flick your forefinger backwards, you press the thimble into the fork of your thumb and forefinger. You'll find that you can grip the thimble quite easily to pull it off and hold it unseen in the fork of your hand. The faster you do it, of course, the better the illusion.



Rotten Shots!

Here's a card-trick with a difference.

Give your mates ten cards each and you can safely bet that if they stand over a bin and drop the cards one at a time, they won't get more than a couple out of the whole ten into the bin.

But you can—and here's how...

Your mates will almost certainly have dropped each of their cards edge downwards. Although this seems the obvious way, it just doesn't work. *Drop yours flat—and they'll go straight down!*

LONG ILLUSION

Here is a good trick to make one of your arms seem longer than the other, says Knowall David Newman of Oulton, Yorkshire. I tried it in the office and got a giggle, so here it is . . . All you do is to hunch one shoulder back with your arm stretched out and your mates think the arm is at full length. Then, as you let your shoulder out, your arm really appears to S-T-R-E-T-C-H !

£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH is:

.....

The Feature I don't like is:

.....

My age is: .....

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,

64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

111 different stamps! 1/-

Giant collection from all over the world provides many hours of fun and interest. Includes 5 WINSTON CHURCHILL gold inscribed commemoratives: Mauritius, Antigua, Barbados & other scarce colonies. MALAYSIA fine mint set of 5 Flowers: Kelantan, Trengganu, Johore. RWANDA magnificent POPE PAUL special issue. Many other fascinating and unusual items from all over the world. Grand total 111 all different stamps. Worth 5/9, yours for only 1/- to introduce famous approval service. (Stamps sent for 14 days inspection. Buy what you want, return the rest.)

Send coupon with 1/- today, or write asking for lot SS3

I ENCLOSE 1/- RUSH ME 111 different stamps. Send a selection of Bargain approvals for free examination.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... Lot No. SS6

Please tell your parents you are answering this advertisement.

BROADWAY APPROVALS.
50, DENMARK HILL
LONDON, S.E.5.

144 DIFFERENT STAMPS FREE!

Just fill in the coupon below and we will send you a wonderful packet of 144 different stamps, FREE OF CHARGE together with a selection of Approvals. Please enclose 4d. stamp for postage.

Tell your parents you are writing

Please send Free Gift and Approvals as advertised to:—

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

THE BRIDGNORTH STAMP CO. LTD. (Dept. K3), BRIDGNORTH, SHROPSHIRE

OUT NOW!

IT'S

TERRIFIC

No. 1. 15 APRIL 1967 EVERY MONDAY NINEPENCE

A POWER COMIC

NUMBER ONE OF THE PAPER YOU DEMANDED

With this TERRIFIC

FREE IRON-ON TRANSFER

FEATURING...

PRINCE NAMOR
The SUB-MARINER

DOCTOR STRANGE
Master of the Mystic Arts

IRON MAN

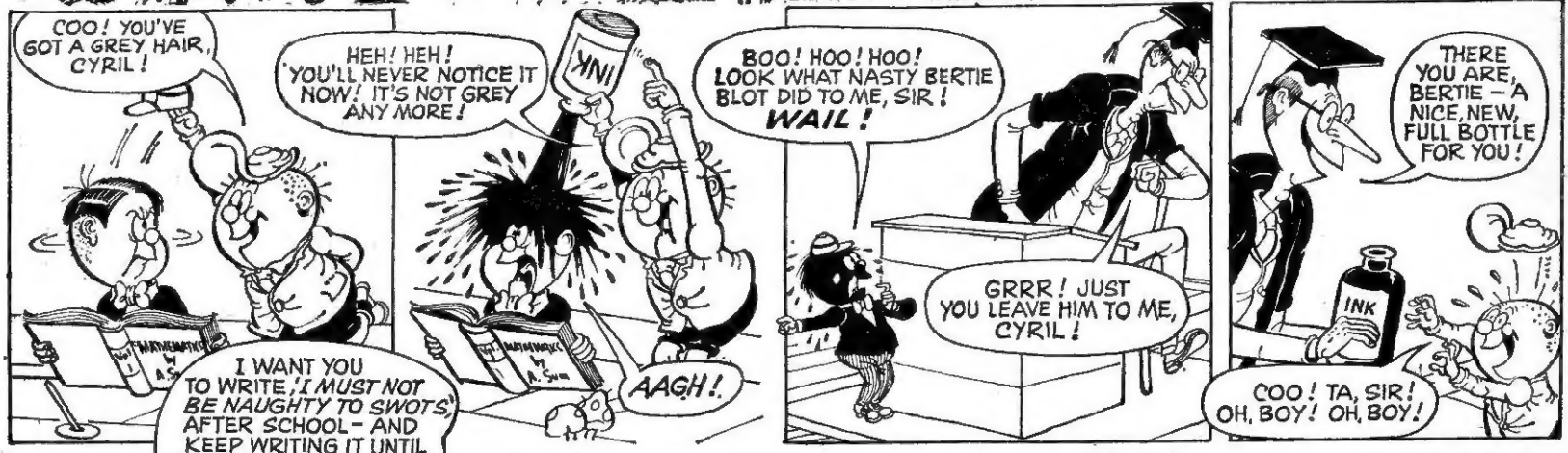
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group

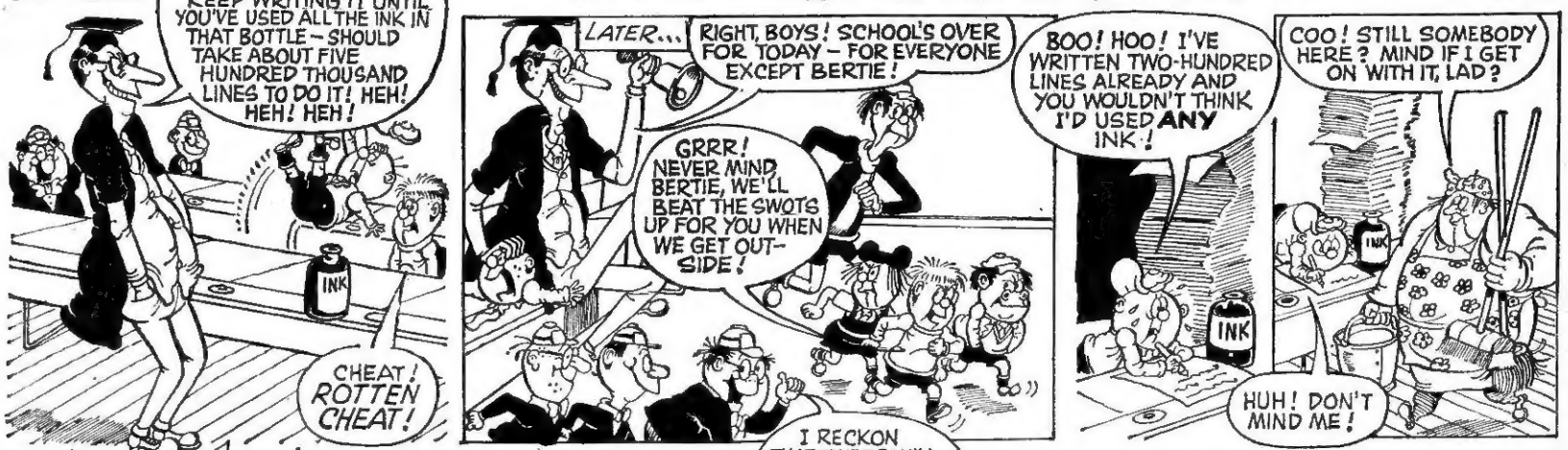
AND THE MIGHTY AVENGERS...

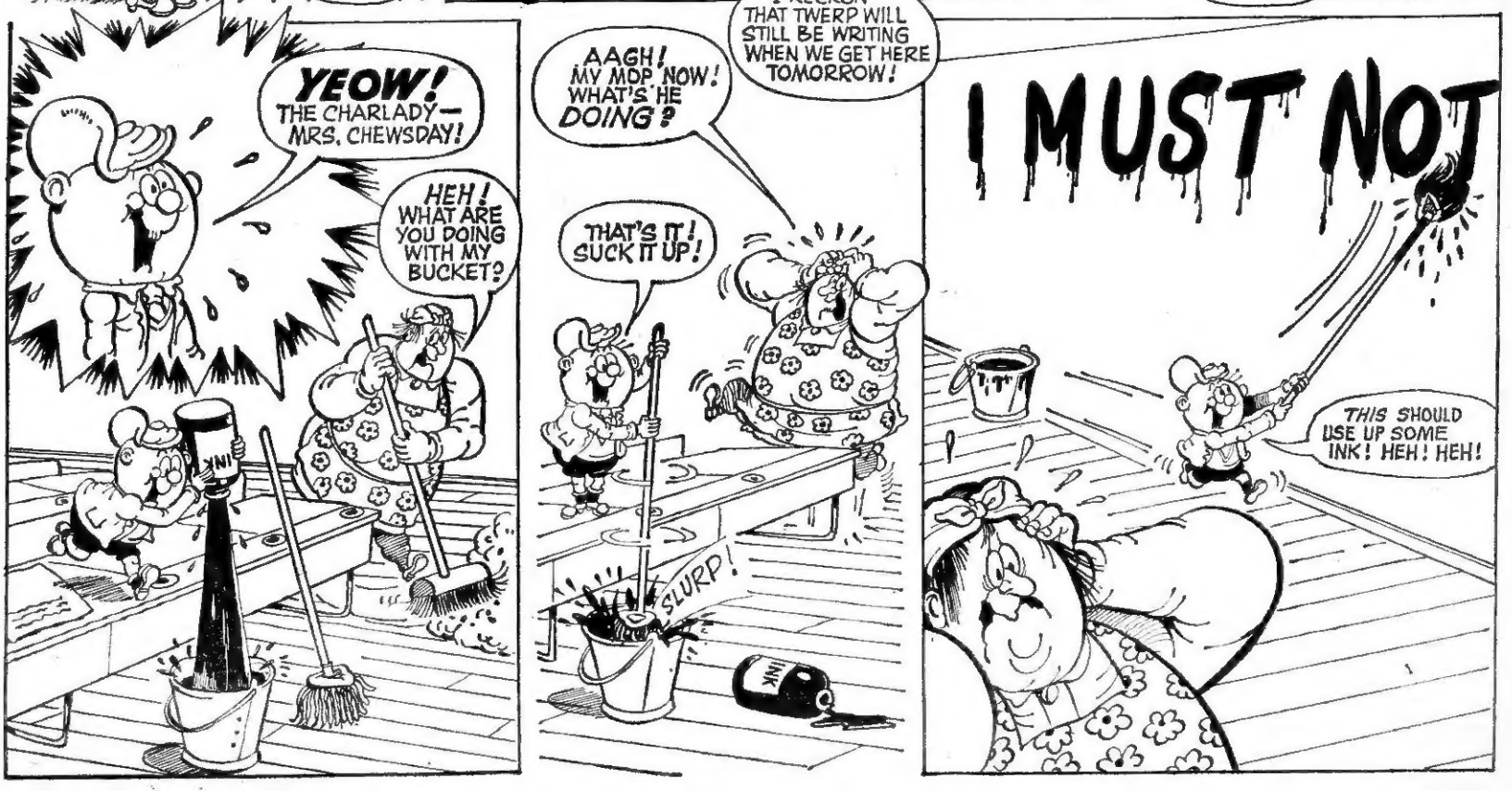
THE COMIC THAT YOU DEMANDED PLUS

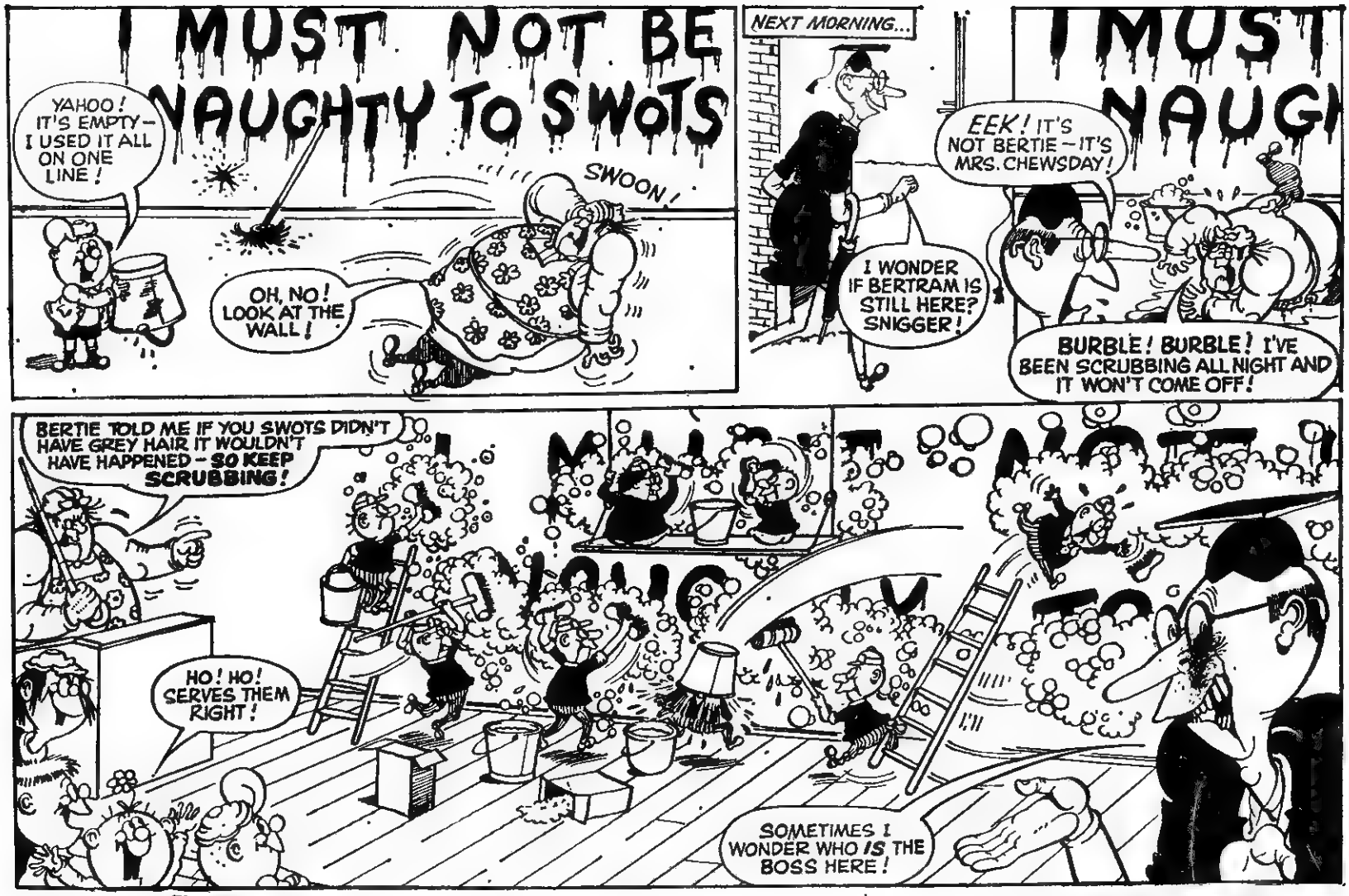
THE FREE GIFT THAT YOU DEMANDED—A FANTABULOUS IRON-ON TRANSFER OF **THE IRON MAN!**

The SWOTS and the BLOTS









BE A SMASHER IN A HULK T-SHIRT

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND POST IT WITH YOUR REMITTANCE TO: SMASH, DEPT. S.M. 1d, ROCHESTER X, KENT

LIKE THE HULK IT IS *UNBEATABLE!*

* 100% COTTON
* IN EYE-BRUISING HULK COLOUR
* CHEST-SIZES 28/30/32 - 6/11 POST FREE
* CHEST-SIZES 34/36/38 - 8/11 POST FREE

PRIVILEGE ORDER FORM

TO SMASH, Dept. S.M.1d,
Rochester X, Kent.

Please send me the Incredible Hulk T-Shirt(s) as described.

Chest Sizes 28, 30, 32 in. Price 6s. 11d.
Chest Sizes 34, 36, 38 in. Price 8s. 11d.
Both Prices Post Free

SIZES	28	30	32	34	36	38
No. reqd						

Total number reqd.....

I enclose Cheque/P.O. No..... Value .....

Remittance must be by postal order or cheque, crossed /& Co./ and made payable to ODHAMS PRESS LTD.

NAME.....
(Block letters)
ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

Total No. reqd.....

SIZES	28	30	32	34	36	38
No. reqd						

NAME .....
(Block letters)
ADDRESS.....
(Block letters)

.....

.....

from SMASH, Dept. S.M.1d, Rochester X, Kent

PLEASE CUT NEATLY ALONG BROKEN LINE

PLEASE CHECK THAT BOTH PARTS OF COUPON ARE COMPLETED.

We regret that this offer is not open to readers overseas. Eire readers will be liable for the payment of any Customs or Import Duties which may be levied.

THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

"ANOTHER WORLD, ANOTHER FOE!"

IGNORING THE ***LEADER'S*** BAND OF ***HUMANOIDS*** WHO ATTACK HIM WITH STRANGE, STAGGERING STUN RAYS, THE INCREDIBLE ***HULK***—STRONGEST LIVING MORTAL TO STRIDE THE EARTH—HARDLY ***FEELS*** THEIR ATTACK AS HE USES ALL HIS TREMENDOUS ***WILL POWER*** TO STOP HIMSELF FROM CHANGING BACK TO ***BRUCE BANNER!*** FOR, MINUS THE HULK'S STRENGTH, THE BULLET IN BANNER'S BRAIN WILL INSTANTLY ***DESTROY*** HIM!

PRESENTED WITH PRIDE ESPECIALLY FOR ***YOU***, THE GREAT NEW ***POWER*** BREED OF READER!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1965

WHAT'S THE USE?? WHY KEEP TRYING? IT'S PROBABLY THE BEST THING THAT COULD HAPPEN TO ME!
I'M NO GOOD TO ANYONE --INCLUDING MYSELF! THE WORLD HATES ME--FEARS ME-- ONLY ANOTHER MISFIT, LIKE THE LEADER, WOULD WANT TO BE MY ALLY!

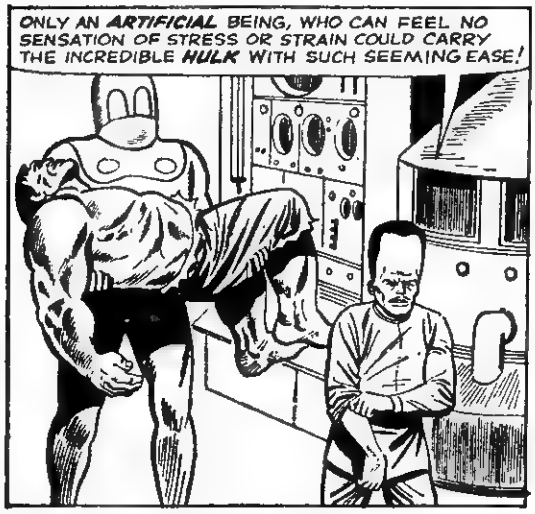
AS FOR THE LEADER HIMSELF, WE FIND HIM AT THAT VERY MOMENT, FRANTICALLY RACING TO THE SCENE...
THE DAMAGE IS UNBELIEVABLE! EVEN MY HUMANOIDS CAN'T STOP THE HULK!

ENOUGH! RETURN TO YOUR STATIONS! I SHALL DEAL WITH HIM MYSELF!
STRANGE! HE SEEMS TO BE COLLAPSING! AND YET, IT ISN'T FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE STUN RAYS!

I CAN FEEL MY OWN BODY TINGLING -- AS THOUGH THE GAMMA RAY FORCE WITHIN ME, WHICH TURNED ME INTO WHAT I AM, IS HAVING SOME SORT OF EFFECT UPON THE HULK!

AS I WALK AWAY FROM HIM, THE TINGLING CEASES! I CAN DELAY NO LONGER -- I MUST EXAMINE HIM AGAIN! IF I'M EVER TO CONTROL HIM, I MUST LEARN HIS SECRET!
ALAS, EVEN THE BRILLIANT LEADER CANNOT SUSPECT THAT THE GAMMA RAY ENERGY FROM HIS OWN BODY HAS PREVENTED THE HULK FROM MAKING WHAT WOULD HAVE BEEN HIS FINAL CHANGE!

THUS, MINUTES LATER...
REMAIN AS YOU ARE TILL I CHOOSE TO SUMMON YOU AGAIN!
MY UNDISGUISED HUMANOIDS WILL BE ALL I REQUIRE FOR MY NEXT TASK!


ONLY AN ARTIFICIAL BEING, WHO CAN FEEL NO SENSATION OF STRESS OR STRAIN COULD CARRY THE INCREDIBLE HULK WITH SUCH SEEMING EASE!

AND THEN, UPON THE OPERATING TABLE, ONE OF THE MOST FATEFUL INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF THE HULK OCCURS, AS THE LEADER NOTICES...
MY X-RAYS REVEAL A BULLET-- LODGED WITHIN HIS SKULL! NO SURGEON ON EARTH COULD REMOVE IT WITHOUT KILLING THE PATIENT!

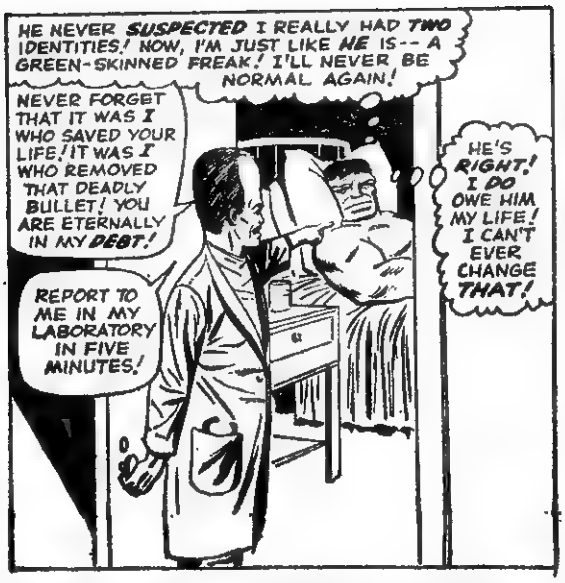
BUT I HAVE OTHER METHODS!
BY MEANS OF MY GAMMA RAY LASER-TYPE BEAM, I CAN INSTANTANEOUSLY DISSOLVE THE SHELL, WITHOUT DAMAGING HIS BRAIN TISSUE!

IT'S DONE! AND NOW, I'LL BATHE HIM WITH A FULL-INTENSITY SHOWER OF GAMMA RAYS-- TO BRING HIM BACK TO HIS FULL STRENGTH!
SOMETHING HAPPENING -- I-I FEEL DIFFERENT--NEVER HAD SUCH A CONCENTRATED AMOUNT OF GAMMA RAYS BEFORE--!
HE'S MUTTERING DELIRIOUSLY! BUT-- I WONDER IF THIS TREATMENT WILL CHANGE HIM IN SOME WAY?

A SHORT TIME LATER, THE HEAVY EYELIDS OF THE HULK SLOWLY OPEN, AND THEN...
YOU'RE STRONGER THAN EVER! I EXPECTED YOU TO BE UNCONSCIOUS FOR DAYS, BUT IT'S BEEN LESS THAN AN HOUR!
UNCONSCIOUS?? SCAR?? WHAT HAPPENED?? TALK--!
AND THE LASER BEAM SCAR-- IT'S ALREADY DISAPPEARED!
I DIDN'T CHANGE BACK TO BANNER! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHY!

THEN, AFTER A BRIEF EXPLANATION BY THE LEADER...
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MANAGED TO LIVE WITH THAT BULLET-- BUT IT'LL BOTHER YOU NO LONGER!
WITHOUT THAT SHELL IN MY SKULL, I DON'T HAVE TO FEAR TURNING INTO BRUCE BANNER AGAIN! BUT-- THE GAMMA RAY DOSE HE GAVE ME-- IT WAS MORE THAN I EVER DARED TAKE BEFORE--

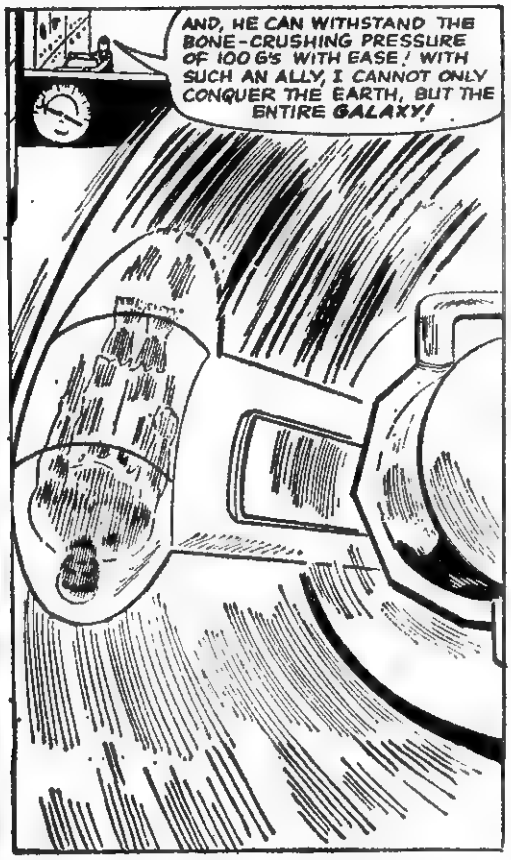
I ALWAYS FEARED IF I RECEIVED SUCH A STAGGERING AMOUNT IT WOULD SEAL MY IDENTITY! I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO BECOME BRUCE BANNER AGAIN!
WHAT IRONY! NOW THAT IT'S SAFE FOR ME TO REVERT TO MY NORMAL FORM--I CAN'T! I'M DESTINED TO REMAIN THE HULK--FOREVER! WITH BANNER'S BRAIN!


HE NEVER SUSPECTED I REALLY HAD TWO IDENTITIES! NOW, I'M JUST LIKE HE IS--A GREEN-SKINNED FREAK! I'LL NEVER BE NORMAL AGAIN!
NEVER FORGET THAT IT WAS I WHO SAVED YOUR LIFE! IT WAS I WHO REMOVED THAT DEADLY BULLET! YOU ARE ETERNALLY IN MY DEBT!
REPORT TO ME IN MY LABORATORY IN FIVE MINUTES!
HE'S RIGHT! I DO OWE HIM MY LIFE! I CAN'T EVER CHANGE THAT!

BUT--WHAT KIND OF LIFE IS IT?? I'M DOOMED TO REMAIN THE MOST HATED--THE MOST FEARED CREATURE TO WALK THE EARTH--TO SPEND THE REST OF MY DAYS AND NIGHTS AS A GROTESQUE CARICATURE OF A HUMAN BEING--AS AN UGLY, RAMPAGING HULK!

MINUTES LATER, IN THE UNDERGROUND LABORATORY OF THE ONLY OTHER GREEN-SKINNED HUMAN ON EARTH...
THE TESTS ARE WORTHLESS! THERE'S NO WAY TO MEASURE HIS STRENGTH! THERE IS NOTHING HE CANNOT DO! I CANNOT BUILD A DEVICE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO TEST HIM WITH!

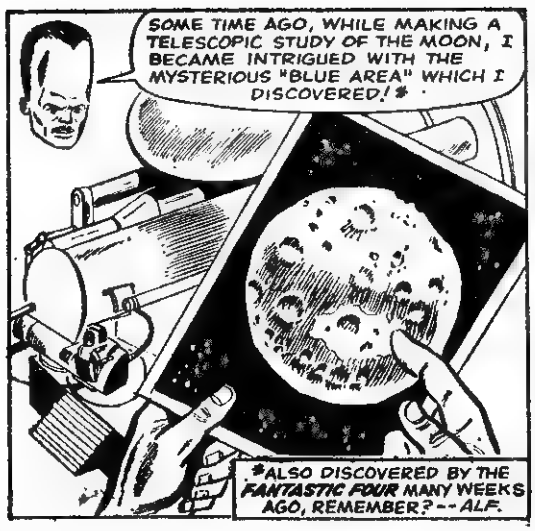
EVEN THE COMBINED ELECTRICAL CHARGES OF THOSE GIANT ELECTRODES CANNOT HARM HIM!


AND, HE CAN WITHSTAND THE BONE-CRUSHING PRESSURE OF 100 G's WITH EASE! WITH SUCH AN ALLY, I CANNOT ONLY CONQUER THE EARTH, BUT THE ENTIRE GALAXY!

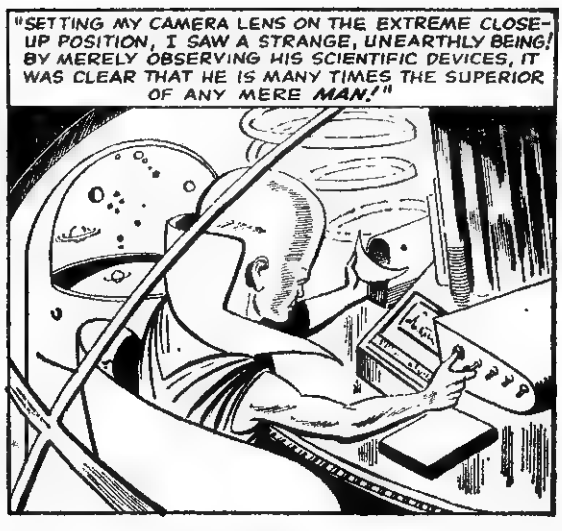
EVEN THE ELEMENTS DON'T SEEM TO AFFECT HIM! HE SHRUGS OFF THE MOST EXTREME TEMPERATURES OF HEAT AND FREEZING AS THOUGH THEY'RE NOTHING!

YOU MIGHT AS WELL COME OUT NOW! YOU'VE BEEN UNDER WATER FOR A HALF-HOUR ALREADY WITHOUT TAKING A BREATH! IT PROVES YOUR LUNGS ARE AS POWERFUL AS YOUR LIMBS!
I FEEL EVEN STRONGER THAN EVER BEFORE! IT MUST BE DUE TO THE ADDITIONAL GAMMA RAYS I ABSORBED!

NOW THAT YOU'RE CONVINCED I CAN PUNCH MY WAY OUT OF A PAPER BAG, WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THOSE TESTS? WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING FOR ME TO DO?
YOU ARE GOING TO WIN ME THE GREATEST PRIZE IN THE GALAXY!
YEAH? I'M FROM MISSOURI, MISTER!
I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR MOCKING ME--BUT LISTEN, WHILE I EXPLAIN...

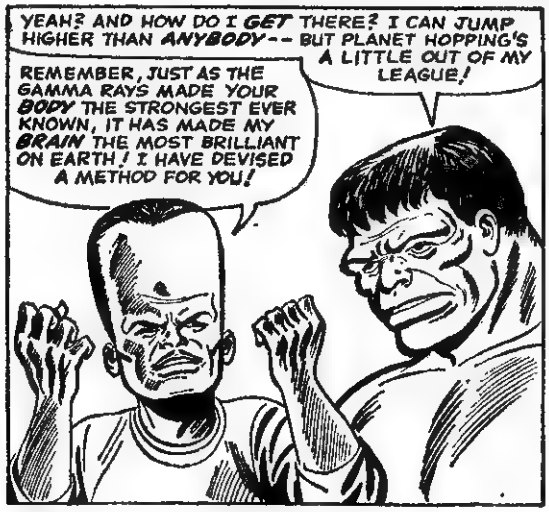

SOME TIME AGO, WHILE MAKING A TELESCOPIC STUDY OF THE MOON, I BECAME INTRIGUED WITH THE MYSTERIOUS "BLUE AREA" WHICH I DISCOVERED!*
*ALSO DISCOVERED BY THE FANTASTIC FOUR MANY WEEKS AGO, REMEMBER?--ALF.

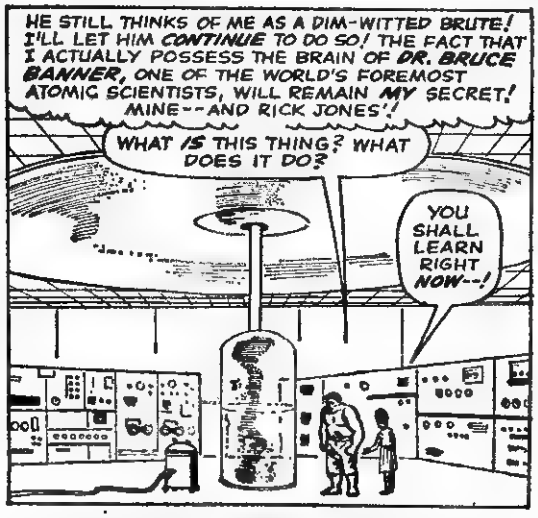
"WEEKS BEFORE THE AMERICANS OR RUSSIANS SENT THEIR SATELLITES, I SENT MY OWN INTO SPACE TO PROBE THE AREA!"
"IT WAS THERE THAT I MADE THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF ALL--"
THERE IS INTELLIGENT LIFE BELOW...!


"SETTING MY CAMERA LENS ON THE EXTREME CLOSE-UP POSITION, I SAW A STRANGE, UNEARTHLY BEING! BY MERELY OBSERVING HIS SCIENTIFIC DEVICES, IT WAS CLEAR THAT HE IS MANY TIMES THE SUPERIOR OF ANY MERE MAN!"

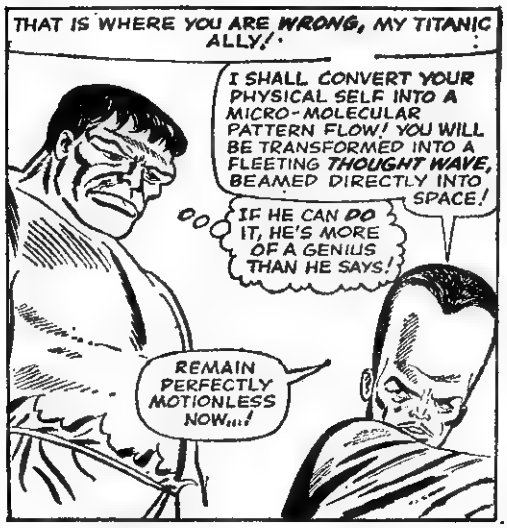
"MY CAMERA FOLLOWED HIM ON HIS JOURNEY FROM PLANET TO PLANET! ALL HE DID WAS TRAVEL HIS LONELY ROUTE, STOPPING FROM TIME TO TIME TO LOOK ABOUT HIM! IT WAS AS IF HIS ONLY MISSION IS TO--WATCH!"

"IT BECAME AN OBSESSION WITH ME! I HAD TO LEARN WHERE HE WAS FROM! I HAD TO DISCOVER HIS HOME PLANET! FOR DAYS I PROBED THE HEAVENS, CREATING STRONGER, MORE POWERFUL TELESCOPIC LENSES EACH TIME, UNTIL FINALLY--I FOUND IT! A PLANET AT THE FURTHEST END OF THE KNOWN UNIVERSE--A PLANET CONTAINING THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC WONDERS OF ALL TIME!"
"I KNEW THAT IF I COULD SEIZE SOME OF THOSE SCIENTIFIC TREASURES, I COULD HAVE POWER SUCH AS NO HUMAN HAS EVER DREAMED OF POSSESSING! AND YOU SHALL GET THEM FOR ME!"


YEAH? AND HOW DO I GET THERE? I CAN JUMP HIGHER THAN ANYBODY--BUT PLANET HOPPING'S A LITTLE OUT OF MY LEAGUE!
REMEMBER, JUST AS THE GAMMA RAYS MADE YOUR BODY THE STRONGEST EVER KNOWN, IT HAS MADE MY BRAIN THE MOST BRILLIANT ON EARTH! I HAVE DEVISED A METHOD FOR YOU!


HE STILL THINKS OF ME AS A DIM-WITTED BRUTE! I'LL LET HIM CONTINUE TO DO SO! THE FACT THAT I ACTUALLY POSSESS THE BRAIN OF DR. BRUCE BANNER, ONE OF THE WORLD'S FOREMOST ATOMIC SCIENTISTS, WILL REMAIN MY SECRET! MINE--AND RICK JONES'!
WHAT IS THIS THING? WHAT DOES IT DO?
YOU SHALL LEARN RIGHT NOW--!

THE PLANET I WANT TO SEND YOU TO IS SO FAR DISTANT THAT EVEN THE SPEED OF LIGHT CANNOT REACH IT IN A LIFETIME! BUT, THE SPEED OF THOUGHT IS VIRTUALLY WITHOUT LIMIT!
SURE IT IS! BUT, NOBODY CAN TRAVEL THAT WAY!


THAT IS WHERE YOU ARE WRONG, MY TITANIC ALLY!
I SHALL CONVERT YOUR PHYSICAL SELF INTO A MICRO-MOLECULAR PATTERN FLOW! YOU WILL BE TRANSFORMED INTO A FLEETING THOUGHT WAVE, BEAMED DIRECTLY INTO SPACE!
IF HE CAN DO IT, HE'S MORE OF A GENIUS THAN HE SAYS!
REMAIN PERFECTLY MOTIONLESS NOW...!

THE CORRECT PLANETARY COORDINATES WERE PLACED IN YOUR BRAIN WHILE YOU SLEPT! THERE IS NO REASON TO DELAY ANY LONGER...!
BUT--IF I DO GET THERE--THEN WHAT? AND HOW DO I GET BACK??

IT IS TOO LATE FOR QUESTIONS! FAREWELL, HULK!

INSTANTANEOUSLY, AN INDESCRIBABLY SWIFT *THOUGHT PATTERN* SPEEDS ACROSS THE GALAXY --INVISIBLE--SILENT--UNSTOPPABLE--UNTIL--

THERE WAS NO SENSATION OF THE PASSAGE OF TIME! AND YET--I'M ON ANOTHER WORLD! THE LEADER *DID* IT!

WELCOME--TO THE PLANET OF--THE *WATCHER*! I HAVE BEEN AWAITING YOUR ARRIVAL!

YOU NEED NOT BE STARTLED! I HAVE AN *ETERNITY* TO STAND AND WATCH--THERE IS ALMOST NOTHING I DO NOT SEE--ALMOST NOTHING I DO NOT KNOW! FOR I AM THE *WATCHER*!

HE WAS *EXPECTING* ME! THE LEADER WAS RIGHT--NO MORTAL MAN CAN BE HIS EQUAL! BUT--WHAT DO I DO *NOW*??

YOU NEED FEAR NOTHING! I AM FORBIDDEN TO INTERFERE WITH THE ACTS OF OTHERS! THOUGH I HAVE THE POWER TO SHATTER PLANETS--TO MAKE *GALAXIES* TREMBLE--I MAY ONLY STAND--AND WATCH!

BENEATH THE BRUTAL FORM OF THE *HULK*, THE KEEN, CURIOUS MIND OF *DR. BANNER* SEETHES WITH EXCITEMENT! LIKE A CHILD, LET LOOSE IN SOME ENCHANTED WONDERLAND, HE HUNGERS TO TAKE IN ALL THE STRANGE, UNEARTHLY SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF THE FANTASTIC PLANET ON WHICH HE FINDS HIMSELF!

YOU MAY ROAM AT WILL, OBSERVING ALL THAT YOU DESIRE! I AM BOUND TO OFFER YOU NO INTERFERENCE!

MECHANICAL LIFE FORMS--FLORA AND FAUNA SUCH AS NO MAN COULD HAVE EVER *DREAMED* OF!! THIS WORLD IS A SCIENTIFIC STOREHOUSE OF *TREASURES* BEYOND MEASURE!

ALMOST *NONE* OF THE ARTIFACTS YOU GAZE UPON ARE NATIVE TO THIS PLANET! THEY HAVE ALL BEEN *BROUGHT* HERE--FOR FURTHER STUDY--BY MYSELF! THEY ARE PART OF MY COLLECTION--A COLLECTION I HAVE BEEN GATHERING FOR UNTOLD AGES!

THEY'RE TOTALLY BEYOND MY UNDERSTANDING! I CAN JUST BARELY *GUESS* THEIR PURPOSES--THEIR FUNCTIONS!

THEN SUDDENLY, A MENTAL COMMAND RINGS OUT IN THE STILL-REELING BRAIN OF THE INCREDIBLE HULK--THE COMMAND OF--THE *LEADER*!

I AM WITH YOU STILL--I CAN SEE WHAT YOU SEE--HEAR WHAT YOU HEAR! MY PLAN IS BEARING FRUIT!

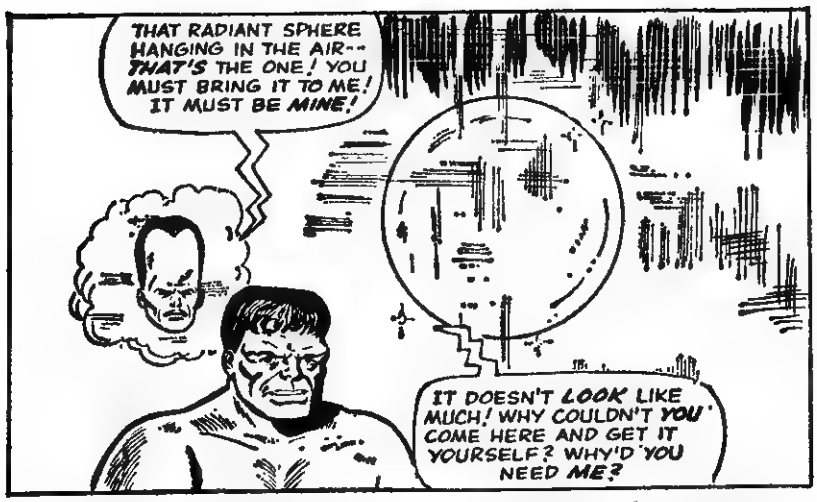
OF ALL THE MACHINES HERE--ONLY *ONE* OF THEM IS THE *ULTIMATE* MACHINE! YOU ARE TO *BRING* ME THAT ONE!

JUST LIKE *THAT*, HUH? AND WHAT ABOUT THE *WATCHER*?

WE *BOTH* KNOW HE WILL NOT TRY TO STOP YOU! HE IS FORBIDDEN TO INTERFERE IN THE ACTS OF ANY OTHER BEINGS! THAT *ULTIMATE MACHINE* CAN MAKE ME THE ABSOLUTE MASTER OF TIME AND SPACE!

YOU MUST NOT FAIL ME NOW! *REMEMBER*--YOU OWE ME YOUR VERY *LIFE*! IT IS A DEBT THAT *MUST* BE PAID!

HE'LL NEVER LET ME FORGET THAT! BUT, WHY *SHOULD* I FORGET IT? I *DO* OWE HIM MY LIFE! OF ALL MANKIND, ONLY *HE* HAS EVER HELPED ME! ONLY HE--AND ONE OTHER--A BRAVE, LOYAL TEEN-AGER WHOM I HAD ALL BUT FORGOTTEN!



WE WISH WE COULD TELL YOU HOW EXCITED WE ARE ABOUT OUR FUTURE EPISODES! ALTHOUGH THE **HULK** ALREADY HAS BECOME ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR SERIES OF ALL TIME, WE FEEL THAT THE TREMENDOUS SURPRISES IN STORE FOR YOU WILL BE TALKED ABOUT AS LONG AS POWERDOM ENDURES! AND, BEGINNING NEXT ISH, WE SHALL **PROVE** IT! 'NUFF SAID!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

ALL RIGHT—YOU WIN AGAIN! Despite all the noble efforts we've made these many months past to provide you frantic ones with all the literary nourishment any reasonable fan could expect, you still insist upon being given more Super-Heroes of the Power-House Breed. So, since we hate the thought of any of our Power-Pack People having nothing better to do than watch television we put the word TERRIFIC at the top of a page and then we followed on with forty pages featuring such wondrous characters as The Avengers (remember those golden days when they guest-starred in SMASH with old Green-skin himself?); Sub-Mariner (who has already earned undying fame as a result of his every-now-and-again appearances in some of the most memorable masterpieces we've ever published); and Doctor Strange—master supreme of the mystic arts! What a cast of characters! What a Princely Paper! *What a team of tired editorial men here in the garret!*

TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

David Rowley, Harlington, Middx; Alan Morton, Maidenhfield, Cheshire; Peter Harding, Tamworth, Staffs; John Wilkinson, Grays, Essex; Rob Jackson, Hull, Yorkshire; F. McHugh, Bootle, Lancs; Tony Lambert, Garston, Liverpool; Antony Edelman, Tottenham, London, N.15; Chris Daily, Hassocks, Sussex; Clive Spencer, Cheadle, Cheshire; Ian Balder, Sunderland, Co Durham; Eric Foster, Darnell, Sheffield; David Reeves, Hillingdon, Middx; Peter Codd, Camberley, Surrey; Jonathan Edgar, Kilburn, London, N.W.6; George Hamilton, Kingston, Surrey; Martyn O'Connell, Stockport, Cheshire; Graham Smith, Brockley, London, S.E.4; Paul Christie, Hampstead, London, N.3; Daniel Fullarton, Barlanark, Glasgow, Scotland.

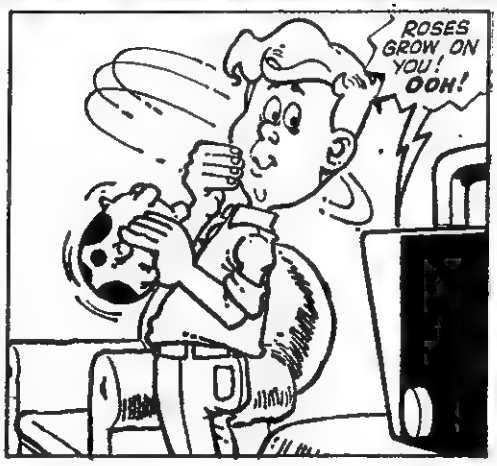
This is benefit week for Iron Man. Because aside from taking up a proud place in the Avengers team, he's also appearing in this week's FANTASTIC in the snazzy new lightest and latest iron suit that he designed for himself. We think he looks kind of cute in it—and he says it's even stronger than the old one. If he's right it must be really tough—because he wore out enough super-villains with the old one and didn't even get a dent in it. Anyone want a second-hand iron suit? Good condition—going cheap?

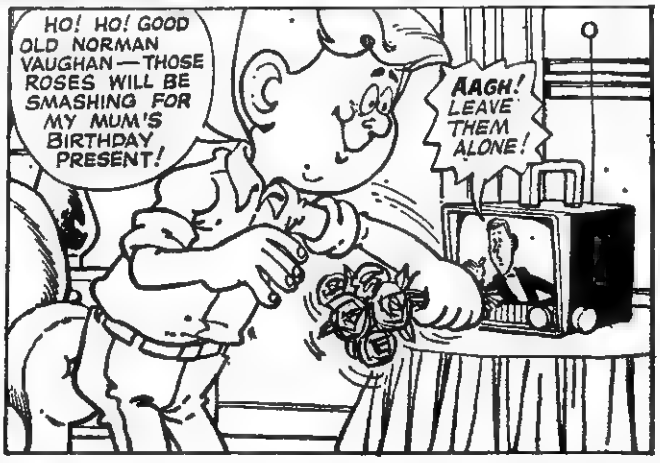
What fools we be! We knew there was something else we wanted to say about Iron Man—and glancing at our scribbled notes we recall what it was! Remember that iron-on transfer of Spiderman that we gave away with POW? Well, if you're one of the thousands of unfortunates who failed to get one of those, take heart! Because the first issue of **TERRIFIC** will contain an iron-on transfer of (Aw—you spoiled it by guessing!) none other than Iron Man.

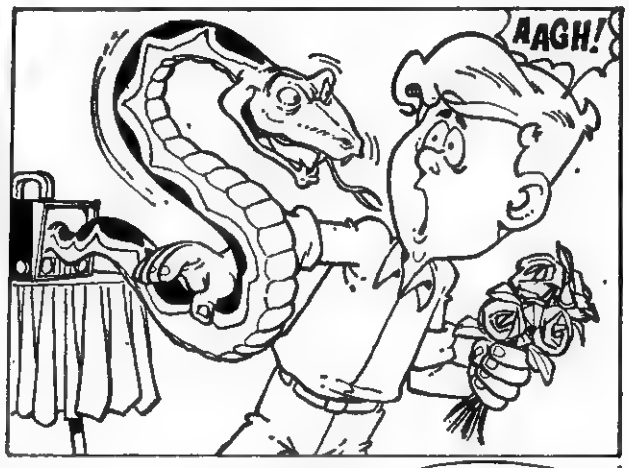
Iron-on Iron Man! What a phrase!

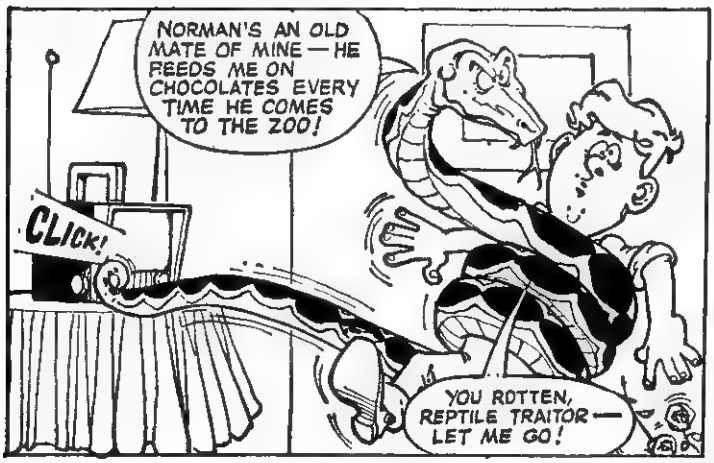
Charlie's Choice

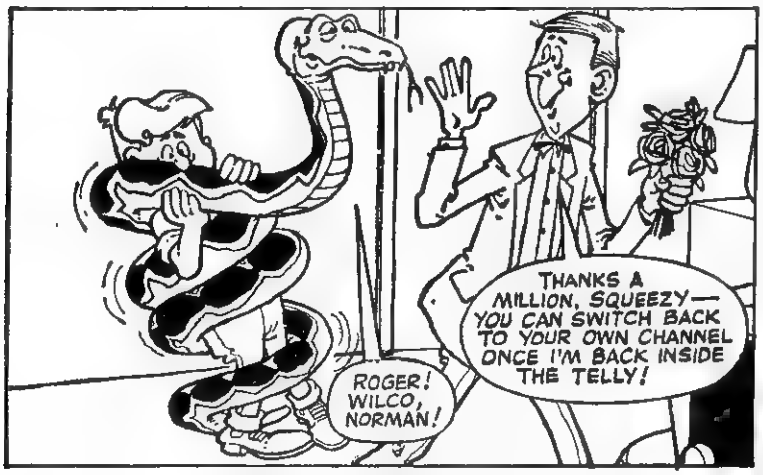
THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

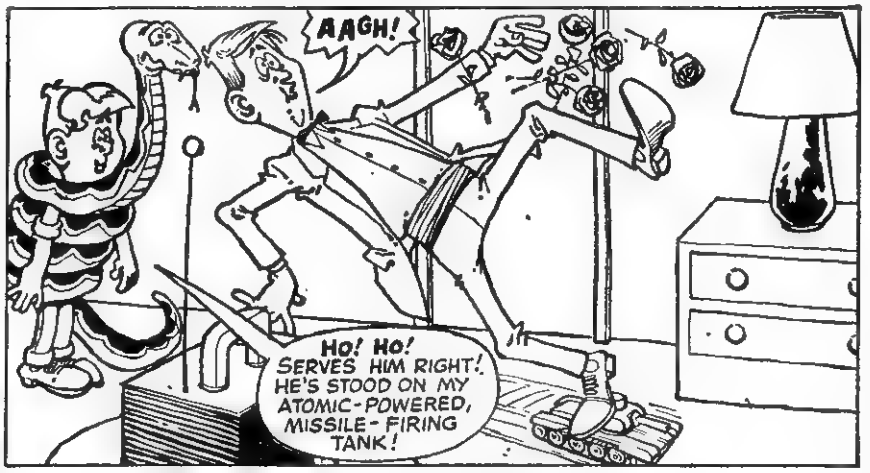






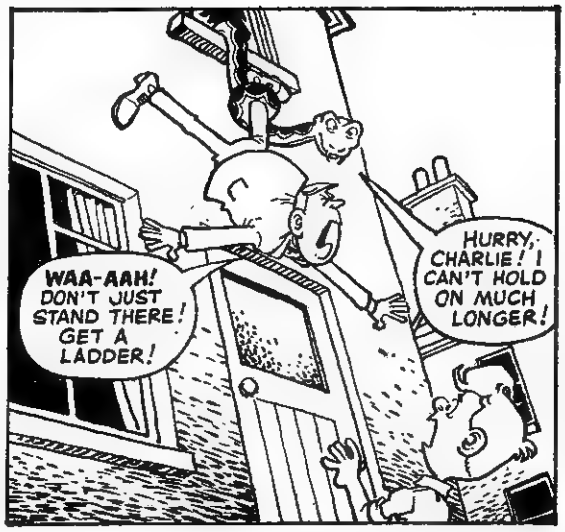




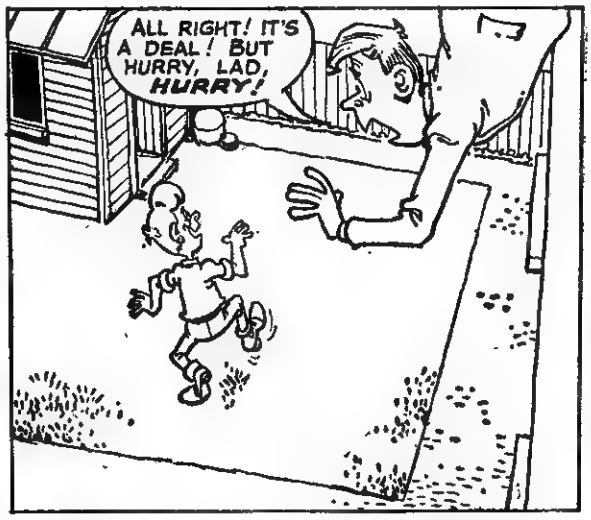


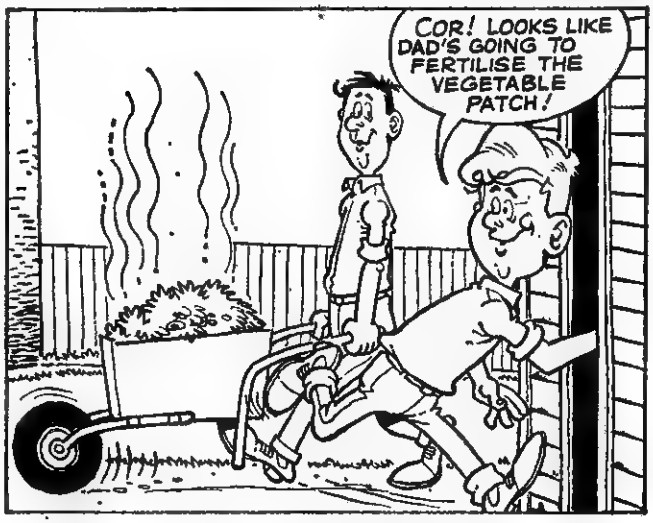
NORMAN! COME BACK, OLD FRIEND!
ERK! HE'S GONE CLEAN THROUGH THE WINDOW!

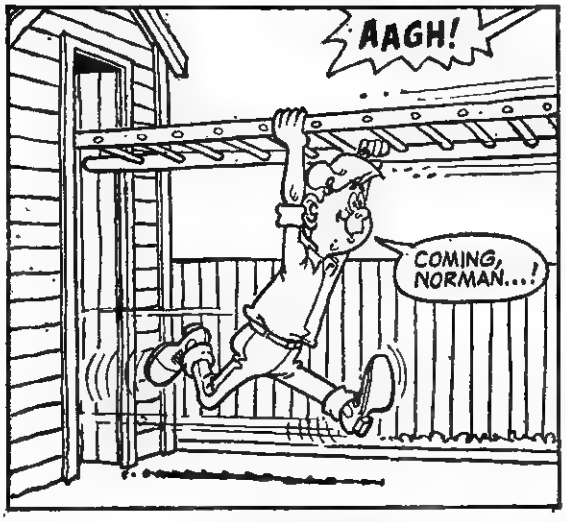
HELP! HELP!
DON'T WORRY, NORMAN! I'LL SAVE YOU!

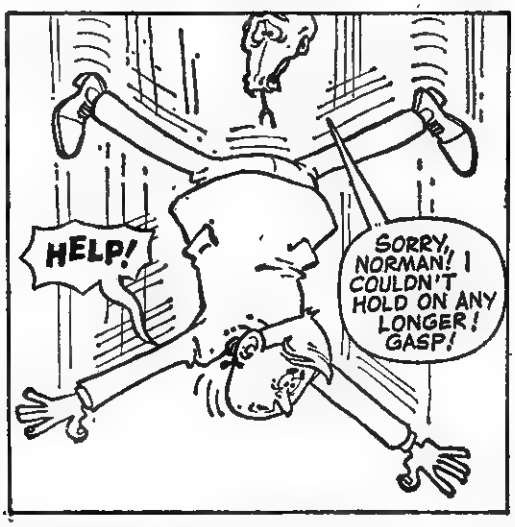

WAA-AAH! DON'T JUST STAND THERE! GET A LADDER!
HURRY, CHARLIE! I CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER!

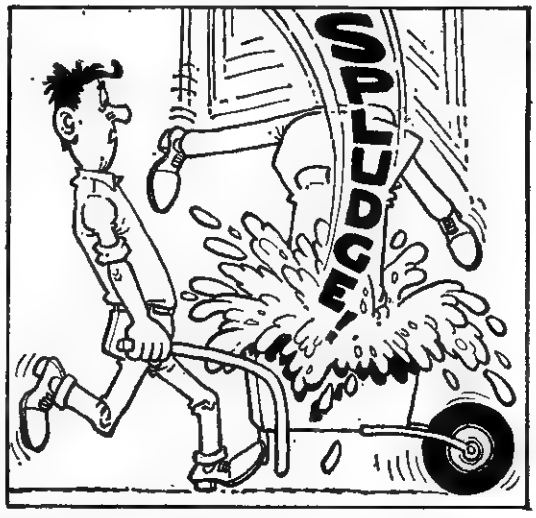
I'LL MAKE A DEAL—YOU LET ME HAVE THE ROSES AND I'LL GET A LADDER!


ALL RIGHT! IT'S A DEAL! BUT HURRY, LAD, HURRY!


COR! LOOKS LIKE DAD'S GOING TO FERTILISE THE VEGETABLE PATCH!

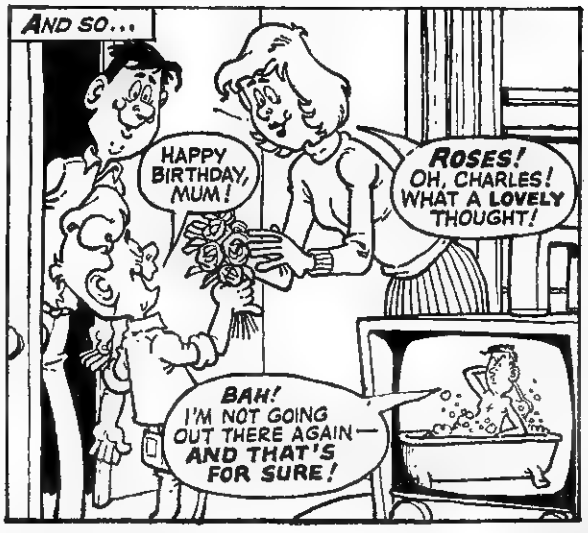

AAGH!
COMING, NORMAN...!


HELP!
SORRY, NORMAN! I COULDN'T HOLD ON ANY LONGER! GASP!


SPLUDGE!

HO! HO! LOOKS LIKE I WON'T NEED THIS LADDER AFTER ALL— NORMAN'S DOWN!
GRRR!

HO! HO! ROSES WILL CERTAINLY GROW ON YOU NOW, NORMAN—YOU'RE COVERED IN FERTILISER! OOH!
GRRR! FUNNY GUY! FUNNY GUY!


AND SO...
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MUM!
ROSES! OH, CHARLES! WHAT A LOVELY THOUGHT!
BAH! I'M NOT GOING OUT THERE AGAIN— AND THAT'S FOR SURE!

BE A SMASHER AND WRITE TO SMASH!—

SMASH!, 64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

you'll win £1 if your letter is printed!

Dear Alf and Cos,

In SMASH NO. 56 I notice that the Cub Scout on Page One is wearing short trousers. I have a picture in my cub diary of an American Cub and he is wearing long trousers as part of his uniform.

I think that SMASH is smashing and like all the stories but especially 'The Man from B.U.N.G.L.E.', 'Hulk' and 'Batman'.

P.S. The SMASH annual is fab, too.

Alan Macduff,
Edinburgh.

● *Yours and about twelve thousand other power-packed pens have written to point this out, Alan. But it's no mistake. That drawing came direct from the Bat-cave. And artist Bob Kane's never been proved wrong yet!*

Alf and Cos.

✳ ✳ ✳

Dear Alf and Cos,

I sincerely hope the 'Hulk' is good at maths, because if he can't count he's gonna have difficulty learning. He can count to ten on his hands, greatttttt! But what happens when he tries to count on his feet? When he joined the 'Avengers' he had four toes, when they fought the 'Space Phantom' he had three, then versus the 'Avengers' he had four again. Now he has five, sheesh!!

I know this is not your fault but I thought it was amusing. Special threat; print Ant-Man/Giant-Man adventures or I'll get Stan Lee to unleash 'Irving Forbush' on you. He's a terror with his water pistol (I hear he even fought the 'Thing' to a showdown with it, but the 'Human Torch' evaporated his reserves and he had to run for it using his home-made uru chisel). See you around, kids, keep smilin'.

Michael Davies,
Birmingham.

● *Who says our readers are an uneducated lot? Keep counting, Mike—you haven't seen the last of Ant-Man/Giant-Man yet!*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I would like to make a complaint about the feature 'The Man From B.U.N.G.L.E.' in Smash 57. You say that the Shamrock is a rock. But the shamrock is a tree leaf plant.

However, I would like to say that you have the best comic in the world?

P.S.—I might be Irish but there is no green in my eye.

Tony Keatinge,
Dublin, Eire.

● *Begorrah, Mike...and isn't that rock in the picture false? And if it's false...isn't it a 'sham'-er-rock? Go on, laugh...or we'll belt you with our genuine Hong Kong shelalegh!*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I expect that you do not give away a POW sweatshirt, a WHAM sweatshirt as well as £1, because I have written to SMASH, WHAM and POW. (I do not know why I'm writing this letter.) This is what I imagine as a day in the life of ALF (correct me if I am wrong).

8.30 Get up.
9.15 Go to S.W.P.F. office.
9.30 Advise staff of morning jobs.
10.00 Start thinking of new story for SMASH issue 63.
10.30 Look through mail and decide what top 6 letters will be printed.
12.00 Think up name for new POWer comic.
12.30 Have dinner with the new, young secretary.
1.45 Tell staff afternoon's jobs.
2.15 Alf and Cos think up new free gift for WHAM, SMASH and POW.
3.00 Read afternoon mail.
3.30 Advise printing for next week's comic.
5.00 Send out comics to newsagent.
5.30 Ask staff about new ideas.
6.00 Staff goes home.
6.15 Watch special American supplied television and watch Hulk.
7.10 End of working day.
7.45 Have date with the new, young secretary.
10.30 Home, sweet home.

I expect this is the complete opposite of what you do but still I have an imaginative mind.

Adrian Lewis,
Southgate.

● *'Nuff said!*

Radiator hinges forward ☐ Press front of car to fire forward block buster rocket ☐ Press rear to fire four harpoons—one at a time or all together ☐ Lady Penelope and Parker ☐ Sliding cockpit canopy ☐ Jewelled headlights ☐ Suspension ☐ Authentic colours ☐ Superb finish ☐ Plated details ☐ Number plate ☐ Length 5¾" ☐ Retail Price 15/11d.

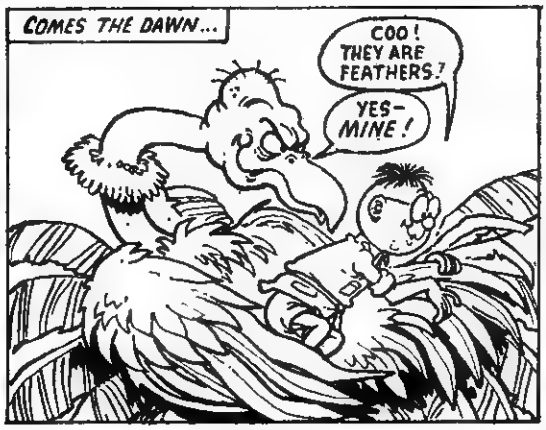
ASK FOR A DINKY® FAB 1

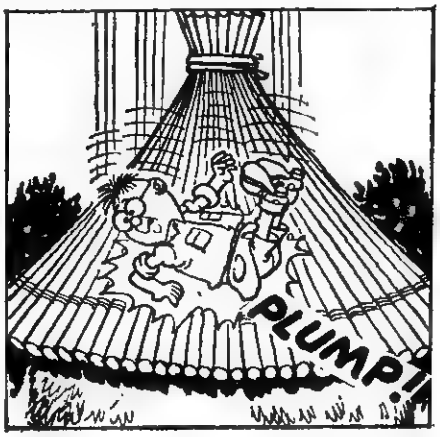
From Hamleys, Harrods, Gamages, Selfridges, and all good toy shops.

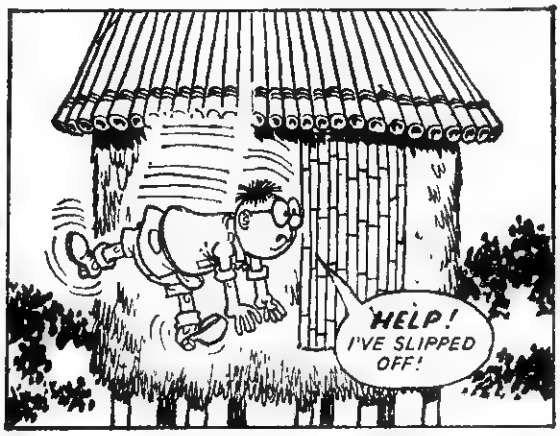
Always something new from DINKY TOYS Manufactured by Meccano Ltd · Binns Rd · Liverpool

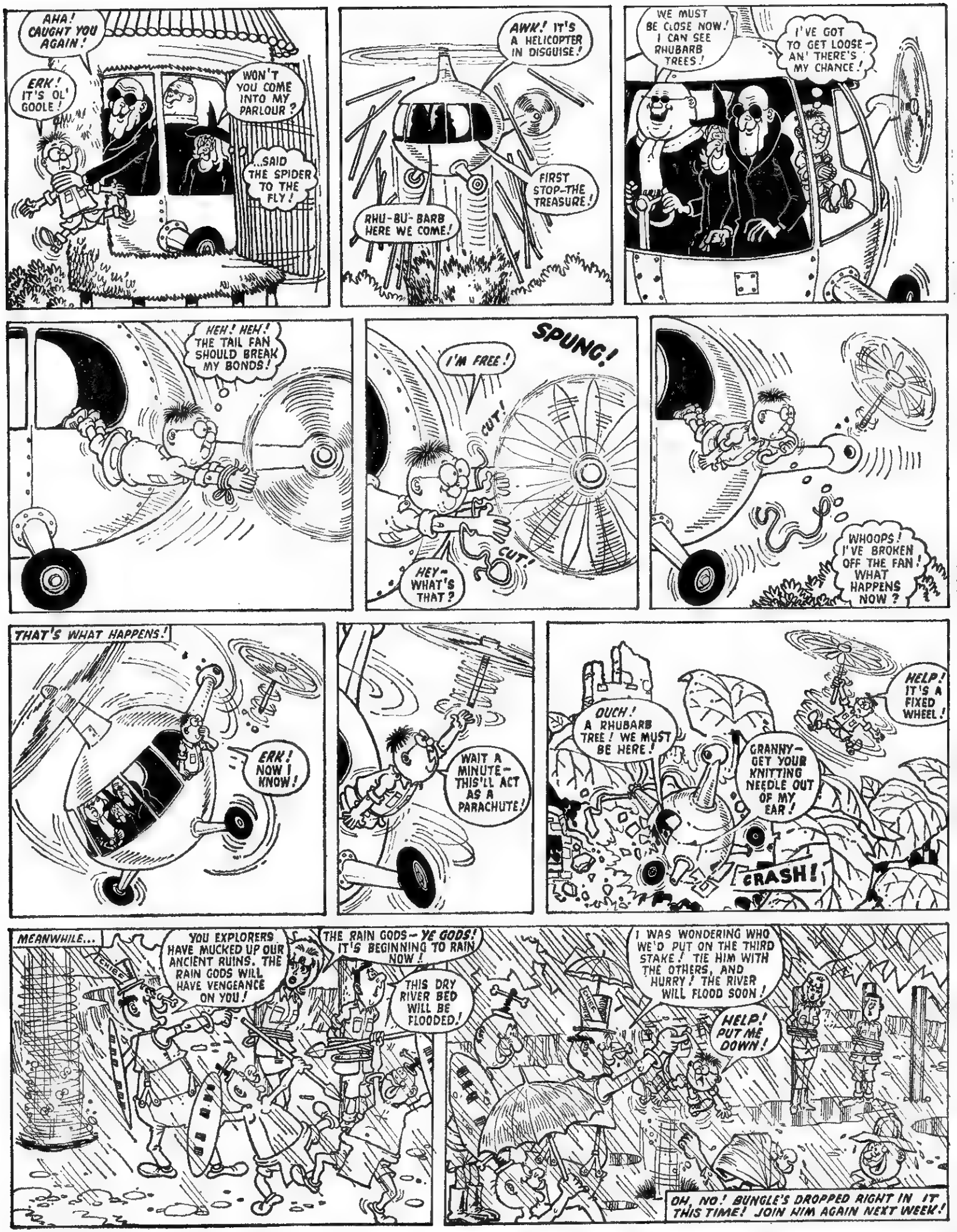
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E. HAS BEEN SENT TO AFRICA TO STOP DR. GOOLE GETTING HIS HANDS ON THE TREASURE OF RHU-BU-BARB—BUT IT LOOKS LIKE OLD GOOLEY HAS GOT HIS HANDS ON BUNGLE!

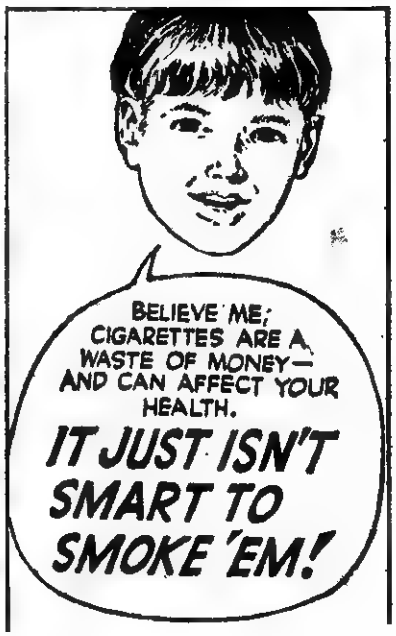







AHA! CAUGHT YOU AGAIN!
ERK! IT'S OL' GOOLE!
WON'T YOU COME INTO MY PARLOUR?
...SAID THE SPIDER TO THE FLY!
AWK! IT'S A HELICOPTER IN DISGUISE!
FIRST STOP-THE TREASURE!
RHU-BU-BARB HERE WE COME!
WE MUST BE CLOSE NOW! I CAN SEE RHUBARB TREES!
I'VE GOT TO GET LOOSE- AN' THERE'S MY CHANCE!
HEH! HEH! THE TAIL FAN SHOULD BREAK MY BONDS!
SPUNG!
I'M FREE!
CUT!
CUT!
HEY- WHAT'S THAT?
WHOOPS! I'VE BROKEN OFF THE FAN! WHAT HAPPENS NOW?
THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS!
ERK! NOW I KNOW!
WAIT A MINUTE- THIS'LL ACT AS A PARACHUTE!
OUCH! A RHUBARB TREE! WE MUST BE HERE!
HELP! IT'S A FIXED WHEEL!
GRANNY- GET YOUR KNITTING NEEDLE OUT OF MY EAR!
CRASH!
MEANWHILE...
CHIEF
YOU EXPLORERS HAVE MUCKED UP OUR ANCIENT RUINS. THE RAIN GODS WILL HAVE VENGEANCE ON YOU!
THE RAIN GODS- YE GODS! IT'S BEGINNING TO RAIN NOW!
THIS DRY RIVER BED WILL BE FLOODED!
I WAS WONDERING WHO WE'D PUT ON THE THIRD STAKE! TIE HIM WITH THE OTHERS, AND HURRY! THE RIVER WILL FLOOD SOON!
HELP! PUT ME DOWN!
OH, NO! BUNGLE'S DROPPED RIGHT IN IT THIS TIME! JOIN HIM AGAIN NEXT WEEK!

Neil wins the chance of a lifetime



ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

...THE LEGEND TESTERS

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS, THE LEGEND TESTERS, HAVE FOUND THEMSELVES IN A LAND WHERE THE ANIMALS ARE THE RULERS! BUT, UNKNOWN TO ANYONE, THE PRIMITIVES HAVE BEEN RELEASED – AND AS A ROYAL PROCESSION MAKES ITS WAY THROUGH THE CITY, THEY ATTACK!

HELP!

SAVE US!

ROLLO AND DANNY HAD BEEN GIVEN THE SO-CALLED HONOUR OF PULLING THE KING'S CARRIAGE!

WHAT'S HAPPENING, ROLLO? WHAT ARE THESE CREATURES?

THEY'RE HUMANS, I GUESS! BUT NOTHING MORE THAN PRIMITIVE SAVAGES!

WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE, ROLLO!

YES – BUT I CAN'T BRING MYSELF TO LEAVE KING TARLA TO HIS FATE!

IN HIS OWN WAY HE'S BEEN KIND TO US! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE HIM ALONG WITH US!

THEY RACE BACK TO THE PALACE...

COME ON, KING TARLA! DOWN YOU COME!

HE SEEMS DAZED! AS THOUGH HE CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT IS HAPPENING!

THAT'S UNDERSTANDABLE! APART FROM EVERYTHING ELSE THAT IS HAPPENING, UNTIL THIS MOMENT, HE WOULD NEVER HAVE BELIEVED THAT A HUMAN COULD TALK!

WHERE ARE YOU MAKING FOR, ROLLO?

TO THE THRONE ROOM. SOMEHOW I THINK THAT IS WHERE KING TARLA WOULD WANT TO BE!

IN THE THRONE ROOM KING TARLA STUMBLES TO THE BALCONY AND STARES OUT AT THE SCENE OF DESTRUCTION AND DEATH...

I CANNOT IMAGINE HOW THE PRIMITIVE HORDES BROKE THROUGH THE DOOR THAT MUST NEVER BE OPENED!*

MY SUBJECTS – ALL MURDERED! IT IS THE END OF A CIVILISATION!

*BUT WE KNOW, DON'T WE? THE DOOR WAS OPENED BY THE EVIL KRUNNIN, WHO COVETED TARLA'S THRONE. – Editor.

ROLLO! LOOK! THEY'RE HERE!

ROLLO AND DANNY ARE BRUSHED ASIDE AS THE PRIMITIVES SAVAGELY HURL THEMSELVES UPON THE KING...

AH – AHMRAAAH!

SO DIES KING TARLA – AND WITH HIS PASSING, THE STRANGE KINGDOM OF ANIMALS IS NO MORE! DESPITE THE **BRILLIANCE** OF THEIR MINDS, KING TARLA AND ALL HIS PEOPLE ARE CONQUERED BY **MAN**! FOR THUS IT WAS ORDAINED!

IT'S OUR TURN NOW, ROLLO! HERE THEY COME!

WE'LL GIVE THEM A FIGHT!

ROLLO PICKS UP THE HEAVY THRONE AND HURLS IT AT THE ADVANCING PRIMITIVES!

AND AS THE THRONE HURTLES INTO THE PRIMITIVES, A PART OF ONE OF THE SOLID GOLD ARMS SNAPS OFF...

IT IS THE PIECE OF GOLD THAT ROLLO AND DANNY TRAVELLED BACK THROUGH TIME TO TEST! FOR ON IT IS CARVED A LEGEND WHICH READS **"HERE SITS THE KING OF THE BEASTS."**

THE PRIMITIVES REGATHER FOR A FINAL ASSAULT! BUT AS THEY DO SO THE SCENE BLURS AND BEGINS TO DISSOLVE...

WE'VE PROVED WHAT WE SET OUT TO, DANNY! NOW WE'RE MOVING THROUGH TIME AGAIN – HEADING BACK TO OUR OWN CENTURY!

AND NOT A SECOND TOO SOON!

THE CENTURIES TICK PAST AT EVER-INCREASING SPEED...

2,100 A.D.

2,400 A.D.

2,900 A.D.

3,100 A.D.

AND IN THE PLACE THEY HAVE JUST LEFT, THE PRIMITIVE HUMANS STRUT WHERE PREVIOUSLY THE ANIMALS HAD RULED...

AND HARD THOUGH IT IS TO CREDIT, THERE WILL COME A DAY WHEN THE DESCENDANTS OF THESE BRUTISH BEINGS WILL POSSESS AN INTELLIGENCE EQUAL TO THAT OF THE VANQUISHED ANIMALS!

NOT UNTIL THEY REACH THE FORTIETH CENTURY DOES THEIR HEADLONG JOURNEY CEASE, AND THEY STEP OUT FROM THE TIME CHAMBER OF THE FORTIETH CENTURY CENTRAL KNOWLEDGE MUSEUM...

HOME, SWEET HOME AGAIN! AND AM I PLEASED TO GET BACK! IT SEEMS **AGES** SINCE WE LEFT!

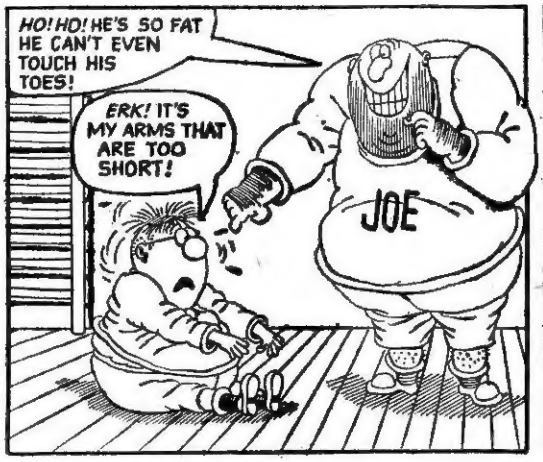
IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING I GUESS IT WAS, DANNY!

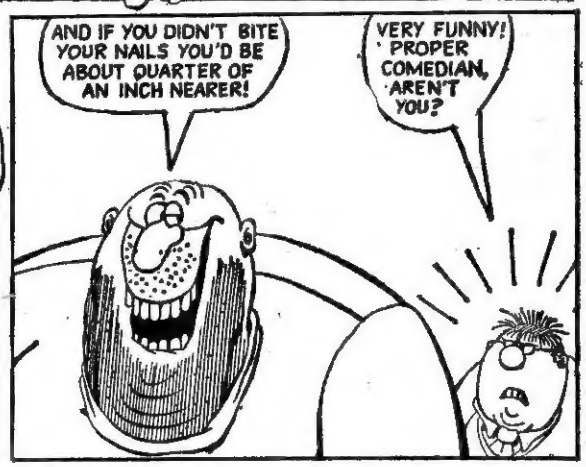
AND SO THE TASK ENDS! YET ANOTHER OF THE MUSEUM'S EXHIBITS HAS BEEN TESTED FOR ITS AUTHENTICITY... TESTED BY TWO MEN WHO TRAVELLED BACK THROUGH TIME TO SEE FOR THEMSELVES THE TRUTH AS IT ACTUALLY OCCURED!

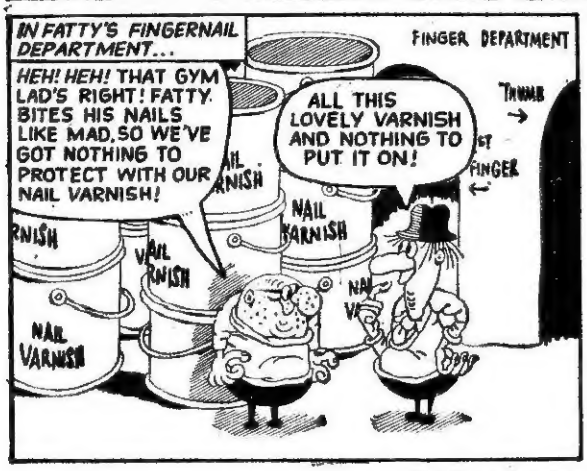
BUT THERE ARE **OTHER** TASKS FOR ROLLO AND DANNY! NEW PERILOUS ADVENTURES FOR THEM TO FACE – AND PERHAPS THE STRANGEST OF THEM ALL IS THE ONE UPON WHICH THEY EMBARK IN NEXT WEEK'S **SMASH!**

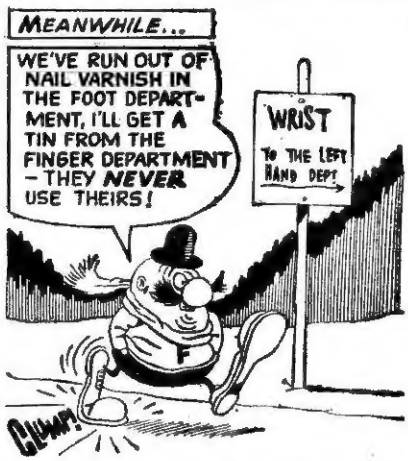
THE NERVS

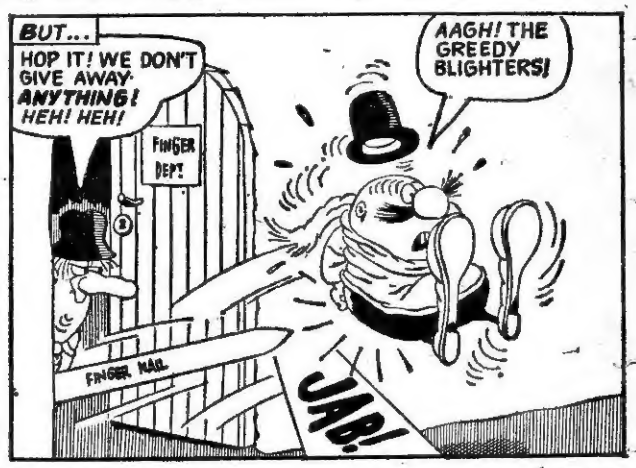
PHEW! I MUST GET SOME WEIGHT OFF – I FEEL FAT, FLABBY AND FAR FROM FIT!
JOE'S GYM FIRST LEFT


HO! HO! HE'S SO FAT HE CAN'T EVEN TOUCH HIS TOES!
ERK! IT'S MY ARMS THAT ARE TOO SHORT!
JOE

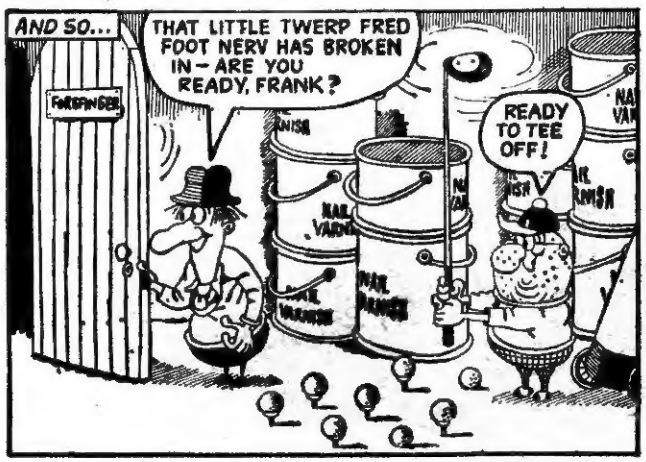

AND IF YOU DIDN'T BITE YOUR NAILS YOU'D BE ABOUT QUARTER OF AN INCH NEARER!
VERY FUNNY! PROPER COMEDIAN, AREN'T YOU?

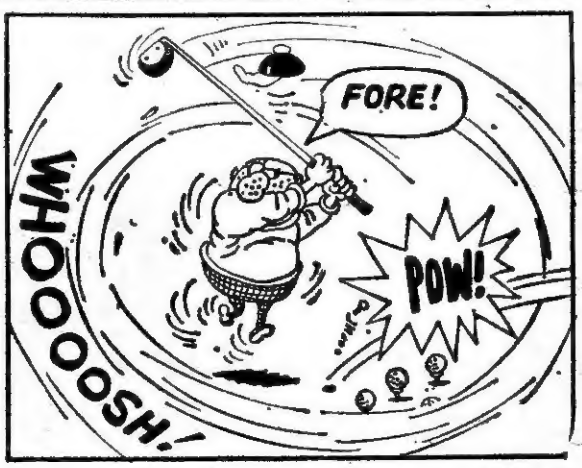

IN FATTY'S FINGERNAIL DEPARTMENT...
FINGER DEPARTMENT
HEH! HEH! THAT GYM LAD'S RIGHT! FATTY BITES HIS NAILS LIKE MAD, SO WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO PROTECT WITH OUR NAIL VARNISH!
ALL THIS LOVELY VARNISH AND NOTHING TO PUT IT ON!
THUMB
FINGER
NAIL VARNISH

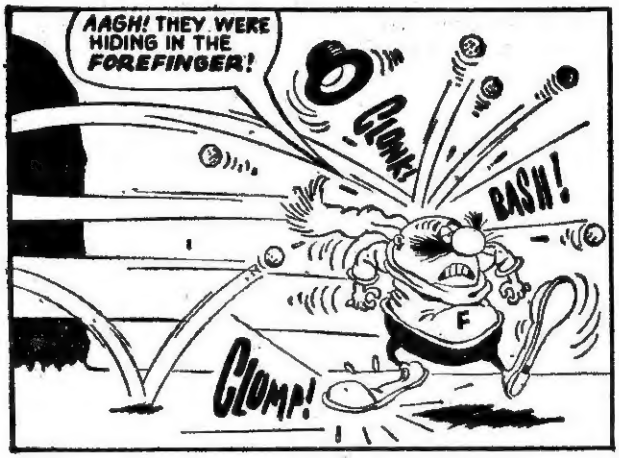

MEANWHILE...
WE'VE RUN OUT OF NAIL VARNISH IN THE FOOT DEPARTMENT, I'LL GET A TIN FROM THE FINGER DEPARTMENT – THEY NEVER USE THEIRS!
WRIST
TO THE LEFT HAND DEPT.
CLUMP!

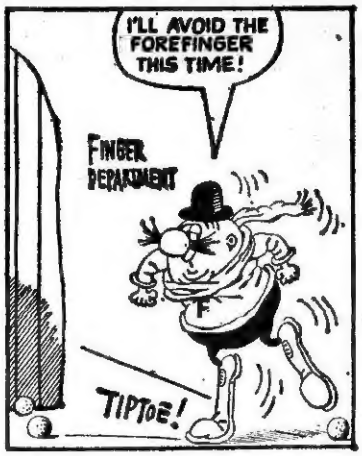

BUT...
HOP IT! WE DON'T GIVE AWAY ANYTHING! HEH! HEH!
AAGH! THE GREEDY BLIGHTERS!
FINGER DEPT.
FINGER NAIL
JAB!

GRRR! I'LL GET THAT VARNISH YET! GRRR!
SEETHE!
FUME!
STEAMING RAGE


AND SO...
THAT LITTLE TWERP FRED FOOT NERV HAS BROKEN IN – ARE YOU READY, FRANK?
FOREFINGER
READY TO TEE OFF!


FORE!
WHOOOOSH!
POW!


AAGH! THEY WERE HIDING IN THE FOREFINGER!
CLONKS
BASH!
CLUMP!


I'LL AVOID THE FOREFINGER THIS TIME!
FINGER DEPARTMENT
TIPTOE!

RUMBLE!
RUMBLE!

AAGH! NO! NO!
THUMB
FINGER DEPARTMENT
WAA-AAH! THE ROTTERS WERE IN THE THUMB — THEY'VE SENT THE THUMB SCREW AFTER ME!
1ST FINGER
MIDDLE FINGER
WHOOSH!
VARNISH
RUMBLE!
CLOMP! CLOMP! CLOMP!
THAT'S ENOUGH FUN FOR ONE DAY! WE'LL LOCK HIM OUT NOW!
YEAH! THEN WE'LL GET SOME PEACE TO READ OUR COMICS! SNIGGER!
WAA-AAH! LET ME IN! LET ME IN!
FINGER DEPT
FINGER DEPARTMENT
BASH!
LATER...
FINGER DEPT
GRRR! THAT DOOR WON'T STAND UP TO THIS! IT'S A FOSSILISED SAUSAGE FROM THE TUM DEPARTMENT!
CRASH!
AAGH! HELP I CAN'T STOP!
INDEX FINGER
CRASH!
CLOMP!
OH, NO! THE CLOT'S HIT THE END OF FATTY'S FINGER!
I RECKON I WAS GOING TOO FAST!
THWACK!
COO! AND WATCH THE EFFECT IT HAS ON FATTY'S FINGER, READERS!
YAROO! I DID IT! I'VE TOUCHED MY TOES!
NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! I'M SEEING THINGS!
RAVE!
GIBBER!
JOE
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
N-NEITHER DO I! GULP!
IN FATTY'S FINGER...
GRRR! TAKE A TIN -BUT JUST LEAVE US IN PEACE!
TUG!
NAIL VARN
NAIL VARNISH
HEH! HEH! IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED — A BATTERING-RAM'S THE THING INDEED!
CLOMP!

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!

AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!

WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT THIS WEEK—MY DAD'S COMING TO HELP GRIMLY. HEE! HEE!

WELL, GRIMLY—WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S GO!

HEH! HEH! LET'S DO THAT!

SEE? THAT'S MY DAD!

ONE HOUR LATER...

AAGH!

ERK! A MONSTER!

WAA-AAH!

SOON...

FIRST ONE TO MOVE GETS CLOBBERED!

HO! HO! EVERY COP IN THE AREA OUT OF THE WAY! NOW I CAN PINCH WHAT I LIKE!

AND SO...

LOOT

HEH! HEH! THAT'S THE BANK. NOW FOR GRANNY JONES' SWEET SHOP...!

SWEETS

LOOT

HEE! HEE! HEE!

LOOT

LEMONADE SHOP

HO! HO! HO! NOW WHO CAN I ROB? HEH! HEH!

MEANWHILE, BACK TO THE SQUELCH...

GOODY, DAD! NOW PRETEND YOU'RE A MERRY-GO-ROUND.

ALL RIGHT!

AAGH! HELP!

MORE, DADDY! FASTER! FASTER! HEE! HEE! HEE!

OOPS! THERE GOES A COP'S HELMET!

LOOT

COO! WATCH THAT HELMET, READERS.

YAHOO! NOW TO GO HOME! HEH! HEH!

LOOT

AAGH! AAGH! HELP! PUT ME DOWN!

GULP! LOOK WHERE OLD GRIMLY'S LANDED UP...

LOOT

WANTED

WELL! WELL! LOOK WHO'S HERE! BEEN SHOPPING, LAD?

POLICE STATION

LOOT

BOO! HOO! HOO! FOILED AGAIN! HE NICKED ALL THE LOOT! DIRTY ROTTER!